

Children's Newspaper, July 30, 1938

C N CALLING

Lost, yesterday, between sunrise and sunset, two golden hours, each set with sixty diamond minutes. No reward is offered, for they are gone for ever.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

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**A SPOT ON
THE SUN AND
THE RING
IN A TREE**

See page 7

WHAT IS ROUND THE WORLD? The Amazing Flights of Our Time

BUT THEY DO NOT SPAN THE GLOBE

WITH flying men covering the earth, lunching on this side and dining on that, crossing the Atlantic in out-of-date machines, it is easy to speak loosely of their vast distances and convey a wrong impression.

The wonderful flight which astounded the world the other day has been widely hailed as a flight round the world, but it is not thus that it will live in history. Mr Hughes was in fact nearer the North Pole than the Equator, the length of which forms the true circumference of the Earth, 25,000 miles. He covered 14,600 miles, actually less than the length of Africa's coastline.

Francis Drake Takes His Time

To fly round the world it is necessary either to fly all the way above the Equator, or at any rate to take a course which will involve crossing the Equator twice. North and south routes are not at all easy for the flyer, for the land of the world is concentrated toward the North Pole. Had the recent flight been round the South Pole instead of round the North its 14,600 miles would have been almost entirely over water.

The first round-the-world voyages by water were really round the world—Magellan's hardy journey and our own intrepid Drake's, who certainly did his business thoroughly, even if he did take his time about it; setting out in December 1577, he arrived back in September 1580. He crossed the Equator at least four times, and probably got nearer the South Pole than any white man had been before when he rounded islands south of Cape Horn, 2300 miles from the Pole. By sailing north of the Equator to the 43rd latitude Drake also coasted up the Pacific coast of North America farther than any Spaniard had sailed. Truly his voyage was a marvellous one, covering at least 40,000 miles, and probably more than twice the distance round the Equator was actually sailed.

First Atlantic Flight

It is remarkable to recall, in these days of stupendous flights, that it is less than 20 years since the first non-stop flight across the Atlantic. That was done by Alcock and Brown in a Vickers Vimy machine, flying from Newfoundland to Ireland, and they had the help of a following wind. It was a long time, nine years, before a crossing by air was made in the opposite direction, fighting against the prevailing wind. Only ten years ago! Now we are in sight of the establishment of regular Atlantic air mail services and the planes that may carry our letters have made many

flights both ways across the Atlantic, one journey being made in 10½ hours.

Ten years ago a flight to Australia was important news, and it was not until 1931 that one of the record-breakers, C. W. A. Scott, made the journey from London to Port Darwin in a little more than nine days. Now the Empire flying-boats are to operate three services weekly in each direction, carrying passengers and mails, taking the same time as Scott's record-breaking plane, but flying right through to Sydney. And we can send a letter for three halfpennies by any of these planes. Scott and Black's later record of 1934, when they flew from Mildenhall to Melbourne, 11,300 miles in 2 days 22 hours and 53 minutes, still remains the best flight to Australia, and, indeed, one of the greatest flights of all time.

In 1929 the first air mail service between England and India began, and in the same year two R A F men made a non-stop flight between the two countries in 50½ hours. Four years later a French plane flew non-stop from New York to Rayak in Syria, 5657 miles, and in the same year Wiley Post made his lone flight round the top of the world, covering 15,596 miles in a few hours less than eight days. This wonderful record has now, after only five years, been halved by Mr Hughes.

The Records of Today

As each new spectacular flight is made it is frequently asked, "What is the use of it all?" But it has been proved time and again that the record flight of one day becomes the commonplace of a few years later, as the Australia flights have shown. It must be remembered, too, that while few people would care to travel in the discomfort of the open cockpit machines of the pioneers, passenger planes of today are often luxuriously appointed. The machine in which Mr Hughes and his four companions made their flight was in fact a 14-seater commercial plane.

Bad weather no longer has terrors for the airman. He flies on and on, through fog, snow, and tempest, across mountains, deserts, and oceans, with his wonderful instruments to show him the way. All over the world commercial air services are working to regular timetables, and before long it will be possible to book a passage by plane to encircle the globe, taking in all five continents. American Pacific services will be extended to New Zealand, the Empire services are to be continued from Australia to New Zealand, and the last link, soon to be forged, is the North Atlantic Airway.

This Ship Was at Trafalgar



Parties of Sea Rangers of the Girl Guide movement have been spending holidays on the old Trafalgar ship HMS Implacable at Portsmouth. Here one of the girls is seen cleaning the mast

Protecting Father and Mother BUT NOT THE CHILD

Remarkable Celluloid Committee Report

THE Departmental Committee on Celluloid has issued its report.

It finds that such articles as combs, cuffs, collars, and shirt fronts are much less worn than formerly, but as fashions may change again it recommends that this would be an appropriate occasion to prohibit the sales of these. The Committee also recommends the prohibition of toy kinema apparatus capable of using standard celluloid films.

On the important question of Celluloid Toys the Committee gives the astounding information that 13,750,000 celluloid dolls were sold in 1936, and suggests that dolls for sale should be clearly marked or labelled with the word *Celluloid*.

The C N is delighted that the Committee should agree on the prohibition of dangerous celluloid articles used by grown-ups, but is astonished that the

protection afforded to grown-ups cannot be extended to children.

The woman buying a celluloid comb, or the man buying celluloid spectacles, know well what they are doing. The child who is given a celluloid toy knows nothing of the danger.

The C N finds it difficult to understand the reason for protecting the grown-up and leaving the child at the mercy of ignorance and fire, and it will do its best to secure the full protection of the children.

It may surely be expected that the women in the House of Commons will see to this, and the C N suggests that, if the prohibition of inflammable toys is withheld in the interests of those who profit by them, at least the label on the toys should be not merely Celluloid but Inflammable Celluloid.

FRIENDS OF ALL THE WORLD

King and Queen at Home Among the French

PARIS AT ITS BEST

Not in the most famous days of her grandeur can Paris have seen more moving spectacles than those stirred in her streets by the visit of King George and Queen Elizabeth. It has been a marvellous time.

From the moment when the Sun rolled back the fog as the Enchantress left Dover the visit was one long round of wonder. As the King and Queen came in sight of the massed crowds at Boulogne, the bands playing the two national anthems, 10,000 pigeons flying, children dressed in red, white, and blue, the King would feel at home. He saw a great Union Jack flying from the top of Eiffel Tower, the Pont de la Concorde lined with Algerian Tirailleurs in blue and gold, the Seine itself throwing up silver spray above the trees.

Britannia of Boulogne

On the way the King stood at salute while the Enchantress passed the new monument at Boulogne and the flag fell from the great statue of Britannia. In Paris he laid a wreath on the grave of the Unknown Soldier at the Arc de Triomphe.

As for the speeches, they were what the world expected—speeches of friendship and peace. This is what the French President said:

The friendship which unites our two peoples . . . forged in the fire of battle, has never failed when it was a question of spreading more prosperity among men and producing more concord in their hearts.

In the state of moral confusion from which the world is suffering our two nations, equally devoted to human progress, are under great obligations. The maintenance of peace, with respect for international law, is not compatible with hesitation as to the duty to be accomplished, nor with relaxation of duty after it.

King George's Speech

And this is what the King said in reply, speaking in French:

In spite of the strip of sea which separates us, our two countries have seen their destinies inevitably drawn together with the passage of the centuries. A long and close collaboration has succeeded in proving that we are inspired by the same ideal.

We are proud of this political faith which we share with other great nations, but . . . there is nothing exclusive in the understanding between us; our friendship is directed against no other Power. On the contrary, it is the ardent desire of our Governments to find, by means of international agreements, a solution of those political problems which threaten the peace of the world and of those economic difficulties which restrict human well-being.

And so the two democratic nations of Europe have once again shaken hands like the friends they have been and are, friends not only of their own countries but of Europe and the world.

The Cathedral Bomb

One of General Franco's airmen last week dropped a bomb on the cathedral at Barcelona, creating a jagged rent in the roof.

The Brotherhood We All Want

By Lord Baldwin

Lord Baldwin went last week to Merthyr Tydfil to see the new Educational Settlement House at Gwaunfarran, and we take these passages from his fine talk to the people there.

In 1929 there swept such a storm on this country and on the United States as we had never experienced, and an appalling feature was the sudden cessation of staple industry in various parts of the country.

It was as though in the battle of life, which was ceaseless, those engaged in the struggle had, as it were, their arms dashed from their hands by some power of which they were ignorant, but whose force they could not deny. No one could say whether those conditions would last, whether they would be over in six months or twelve, but they might last longer than anyone knew, and towards their solution the best brains in the country must be put.

The problem of mankind is to keep body and soul together, and when a cataclysm like 1929 comes the first thing to be sought by those in authority and by the man himself is work, the material provision for the body. The Settlement attempts to make provision for the spirit.

It is a very easy thing for a man to put his hand into his pocket and ladle out half-crowns to people less well-off than himself, but when men come down and give their services it is the clasp of the hand, the communion of heart to heart and soul to soul that makes that brotherhood we all want, the attainment of which in full would indeed mean the Kingdom of God on Earth.

National Trust and the Litter Lout

It is refreshing to see that the speech of the guest at last week's annual meeting of the National Trust urged the Trust to take up the question of litter. The guest was Mr Harold Nicolson, M.P. The speech has given much more satisfaction than the speech of last year's guest, Lord Dufferin, who declared that he would rather see litter on the ground than see it picked up.

The C.N. strongly supports Mr Nicolson's proposal, and would like to see the National Trust make a big effort to keep all its properties free from litter as an example to all our public bodies.

Chief of the B B C

The new head of the B B C, Professor Ogilvie, comes from Belfast University, where he became President at 41, four years ago.

He has thus the reasonable hope of many years of life before him, and the experience of a useful and heroic life behind him, for he is not only a professor but has been on many public bodies and served all through the war, where he lost the use of his left arm. One of his three children (James Ogilvie) had a play broadcast in the Children's Hour from Belfast not long ago.

Something Ends

When the other day Major Sir Ronald Ross, M.P., attained the age for compulsory retirement there came to an end also a famous regiment of cavalry, the North Irish Horse.

Famous during the war, its members were demobilised when the war ended, but for some years the regiment has existed in the Army List with Lord Shaftesbury as honorary colonel and Sir Ronald Ross as major commanding.

Pronunciations in This Paper

Angola	An-go-lah
Brusa	Broo-sah
Chaco	Chah-ko
Loanda	Lo-ahn-dah
Sequia	See-kwoi-ah
Tacitus	Tas-it-us

To HELP REFUGEES A Permanent Committee to Sit in London

The representatives of the 32 Governments who assembled at Evian to discuss what steps could be taken to help refugees were able to get something done.

In the first place the conference has not officially broken up, but is to continue its work in London, where it will set up a permanent committee.

The deliberations showed that many countries are willing to absorb immigrants of the right kind, and that a land like Kenya could in time take a fairly large number. But no country could receive immigrants in mass formation, nor at the cost of native populations for whose care it was responsible. It would help if Germany did not forbid its unwanted people from taking their money with them to their new homes, and American experts are to visit Germany to see what can be done to help solve this financial problem.

A Little Church and Its 1000 Years

While our big cities proudly celebrate their 100 years or so of civic progress, the little parish church of the lovely Cheshire village of Witton has been celebrating its 1000 years.

For weeks 1000 volunteers have been working hard in bad weather getting ready. They excavated a terraced amphitheatre on the banks of the River Dane, the women made 400 dresses, a huge organ was erected in the amphitheatre, flowers and shrubs were planted, and many people worked hard at practising songs, while 300 performers rehearsed the pageant of history that Witton Church has seen pass by.

Pit Boy to Professor

Fifteen years ago a Welsh pit boy with a fine voice left home to make his fortune. He sang all over England and crossed the ocean with the Rhondda Valley singers to America, and he has come home at last to see a sick mother. The pit boy is now Professor Robert Hopkins in a university in Texas.

Big and Little

Lord Stamp was telling an audience the other day that he once asked Mrs Sidney Webb how she and her husband decided what should be included and what should be left out of their books.

"Well," said she, "Sidney decides about the big things and I decide about the little things; but I decide what is big and what is little."

Marching On

In the news last week

The Normandie's rooth crossing
The King & Queen's rooth engagement
Two cricketers completed 2000 runs
Glasgow Exhibition, 5,000,000th visitor

600-Mile Road

Iraq, Palestine, and Transjordan will be linked up by the longest flat road in the world in 1940. This road will run from Haifa, the Mediterranean port in Palestine, to Bagdad, the capital of Iraq, and will be 600 miles long; it will cost £600,000.

740 Acres For Ever

The Forestry Commission has agreed with the National Trust to leave unplanted 740 acres of the Lake District, so that the public may enjoy it for ever.

LITTLE NEWS REEL

The boat used by Grace Darling has been placed in Bamburgh museum.

A wedding ring found in a tin of sardines by an Ostend soldier has been returned to its owner, a woman sardine packer, at Strasburg; it had slipped off her finger while she was at work.

The Normandie has now carried a hundred thousand passengers and received 650,000 visitors.

The boys at Brentwood School in Essex have made a film of their school life.

An abandoned railway station at Midhurst is taking a new lease of life, its platform having been made into a children's playground.

Bathers will be glad to hear of an ingenious penny-in-the-slot machine (there is one at the Wandsworth Baths in London) which blows hot air on to wet heads.

A new television-telephone now links up Berlin and Munich, which are 400 miles apart.

There seems to be no end to the use of the coconut; we hear that Ceylon has found that brown paper can be made out of coconut husks, and is trying to develop an export trade in this new industry.

Spectacles of which the lenses are tested by dropping a steel ball on them from a height of six feet have lately been on exhibition.

The International Council of Women at Edinburgh have presented their old friend Lady Aberdeen with a medal struck for her and £3000 to be used for special causes.

The people of Bordeaux had to shut all their doors and windows the other day when masses of flying ants invaded the town.

Germany has concluded a contract with the Mexican Government for the exchange of 25,000 tons of newsprint for 500,000 barrels of oil.

THINGS SEEN

Ten thousand pigeons flying suddenly into the scene of the King's reception in Paris.

A tame sparrow having a ride in a car, perched on the steering-wheel.

A hundred yards of ugly propaganda daubed on Camberwell walls.

A copy of the C.N. on the top of the tender of a streamlined engine steaming out of York.

A crow with pure white wings in Scotland.

Shoals of sardines blocking up a harbour in Portugal.

A mile-long procession in London sympathising with Spain.

THINGS SAID

No other organisation in the country buys such a wide assortment of materials as the L.C.C.

Chairman, L.C.C. Supplies Committee

I dislike wreaths at funerals, and plant trees instead. Mr Robertson Scott

No despotism can ever flourish in our countries. Be of good cheer.

The American Ambassador

Hard wark nivver killed neabody, but t' thowts of hevin' ti dea it hez brokken monny a heart. A Whitby fisherman

It is possible that the things which protect our civilisation are more slender than we thought. Chancellor of the Exchequer

It is better to take a little time than to take a little life. Mr Eddie Cantor

The fire of Tewkesbury in 1187 is still having its effect on the tower.

Sir Charles Peers

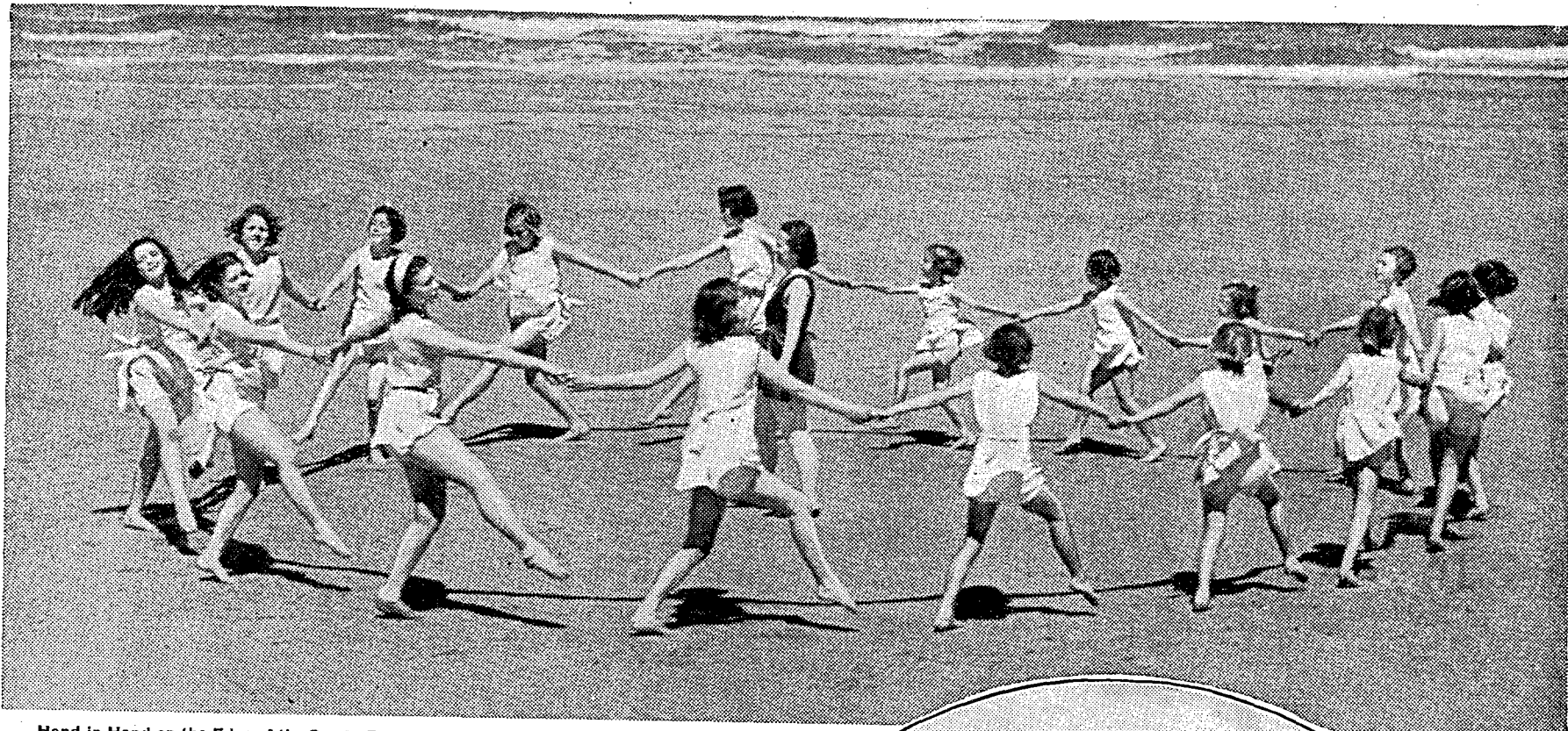
I want everyone to regard my garden as their own. The Rector of Clapham

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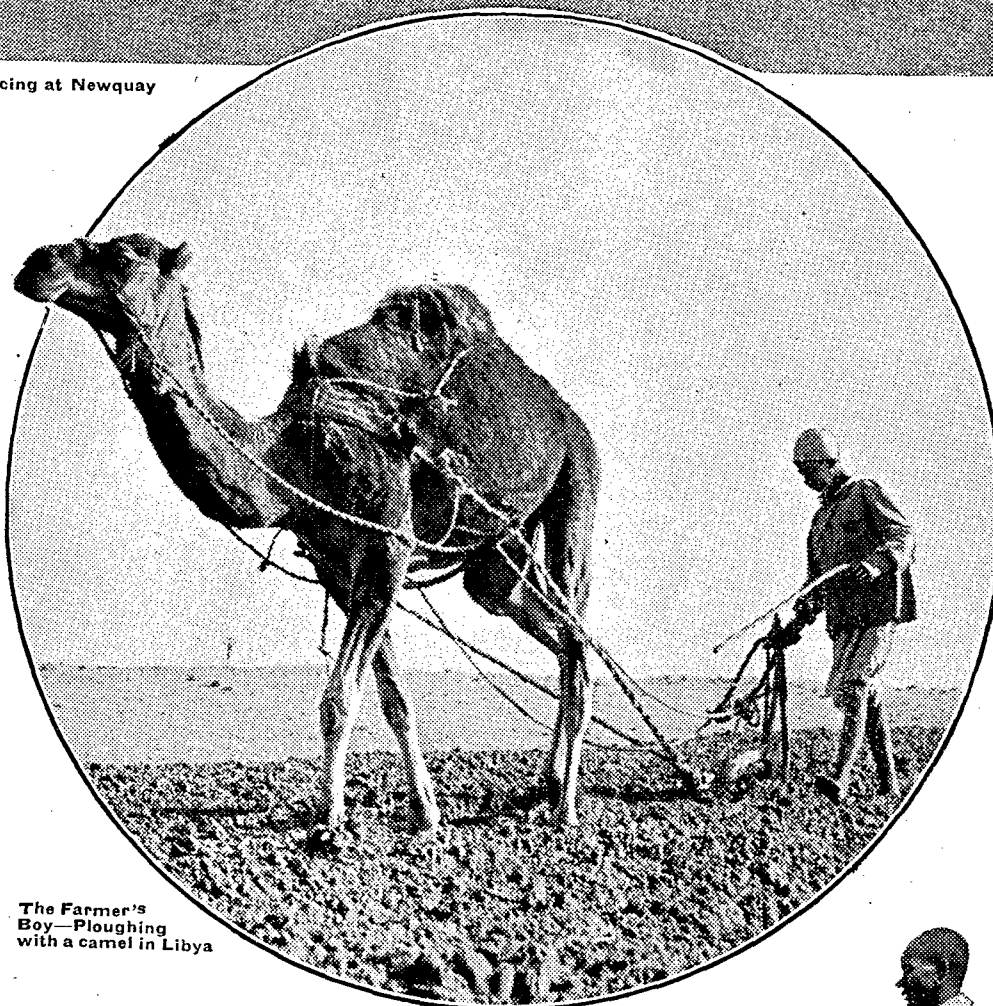
A Farmer's Boy • Lessons in the Sunshine • By Loch Lomond



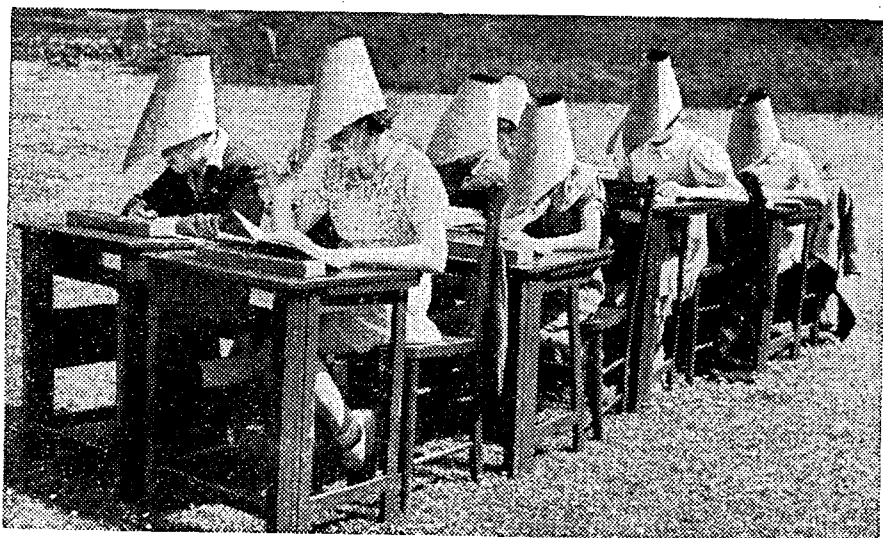
Hand in Hand on the Edge of the Sand—Pupils of the Cornwall School of Dancing at Newquay



By Loch Lomond—Four Scottish youths who know the best way of seeing the beauty of their countryside



The Farmer's Boy—Ploughing with a camel in Libya



Open-Air Schools—The curious sun-helmets worn by pupils of the open-air school in St James's Park, London ; and, on the right, an attentive class in a Masai village in Kenya

PESTS OF THE ROAD

A Magistrate and the Drunken Driver

MAKE HIM RESPONSIBLE

It was interesting to see the other day that Sir Malcolm Campbell thinks that not one per cent of motorists are reckless, selfish, or inconsiderate.

Most motorists would probably put the percentage of road-hogs much higher. We ourselves, who have been motoring for 30 years, are rarely out driving for an hour without seeing some scandalous piece of driving. But, assuming that Sir Malcolm is right, a little arithmetic shows us that there must be on our roads more than 10,000 reckless, selfish, or inconsiderate drivers in every million, and it is an infamy for which we pay in hundreds of lives every week.

Most people will have been much interested in the recent comments of one of our London magistrates on the subject. Mr Claud Mullins, giving the results of his experience on the Bench to the Select Committee on Road Accidents, said that there was no reasonable hope of safer roads without a tightening of the law against the reckless, the criminal, and the incapable motorist.

Another Pays

The dangerous driver, drive he never so dangerously, and with whatever results, is protected by his insurance policy. He may smash up his car in an accident which he has caused, but even when a magistrate has convicted him he will suffer no other loss than that of having to pay his fine. The insurance company will pay all the rest, even to buying him a new car.

If he is accused of driving under the influence of drink he may get off. If a poor man he may have to leave the conviction and the penalty to the magistrate, who is not likely to be too sentimental. But if he is well off, and can afford to pay well for solicitor and counsel, he can elect to go before a jury. Then, after a conflict of evidence and ingenious pleas on his behalf, he had at least a good chance of being acquitted. Juries were bad judges; if the large proportion of acquittals was a test.

Driving under the influence of drink is a crime, and because it is so there is reason for sending such cases to a jury. But when the consequences in maiming or killing people may be so serious there should be no undue leaning to giving the accused the benefit of the doubt; and when the offence is proved the penalty cannot be too severe. Till the law makes it so, the hope of safety on the roads is an idle delusion.

Tea on the Editor's Hilltop

The Editor's garden at Eynsford Hill, Kent, is open to the public for the second time this year on Wednesday, August 3, and tea will be given.

It has one of the most impressive views within an hour of London, the best view available of the lovely Darent Valley, and the hilltop is a remarkable example of what can be done with a ploughed field in a quarter of a century.

From it is seen the highest point in Kent, and one of the interesting things by the lily pond is a stone which was once among the highest things in London, having been seen by every visitor to the capital for nearly 100 years.

Waiter

Most boys want to be either engine-drivers or captains of ships.

William Allan of Aberdeen wanted to be a waiter, and three years ago he started work in the kitchen of a big hotel rather than go to a university. He has done well, for when the King and Queen sat down at a banquet in Paris their waiter was William Allan from Aberdeen Grammar School.

TWEEDLEDUM & TWEEDLEDEE

Peace in the Insect War

NATIONS AND A QUAGMIRE

THE Insect Play we all know; Miss Nancy Price has rendered one more public service by putting it into the programme of the People's National Theatre. In it we see the insects fighting with all the paraphernalia of modern war for the space between two blades of grass.

It is no more ridiculous than some of the wars between nations have been; many of them have been Much Ado About Nothing.

*Tweedledum and Tweedledee
Resolved to have a battle,
For Tweedledum said Tweedledee
Had spoiled his nice new rattle.*

Bolivia and Paraguay, the two South American republics, have at last completed their treaty of peace in the Chaco, and it has all been pretty much of Tweedledee and Tweedledum.

After Three Years

They are not big republics, counted in populations. Paraguay has fewer than a million, and Bolivia rather more than three million people, but they have been quarrelling about the Chaco for nearly 70 years and came to blows six years ago. It has taken the combined offices of the League of Nations, followed by those of the six chief republics of America, the United States, Argentina, Brazil, Chile, Peru, and Uruguay, to persuade them to shake hands. This they have reluctantly done after negotiations lasting three years. They fought for two years and have spent three in drawing up terms of peace. Peace has been harder to make than war.

What is this Chaco the two little peoples were fighting about? It is part of a larger district, the Gran Chaco, to the north-west of Argentina, with rivers draining into the Atlantic which would be useful to Bolivia because she lost her seacoast with its ports on the Pacific

after her war with Chile, a more serious affair than this one.

But the Chaco is the worst part of the territory, forest and swamp and shallow lagoons into which the streams from the highlands drain. It has a capital with a population less than that of Harwich, and a number of unruly Indians who can live in what has been described as "an odious piece of country, alternately flooded and waterless, a vast jungle of about 50,000 square miles, full of unpleasant fleas and ticks."

The Root of All Evil

Why have they fought for it? The reason is partly to be found in the native combativeness of these people who live so near the Equator, and partly because each is determined that the other shall not have it.

There is another reason—oil, the love of which in the modern world has taken the place of the love of gold as the root of all evil. Paraguay's claims to the Chaco seemed for a good many years to be well established, and they made the most of this poor land, exporting a good deal of timber, its chief product. It was a poor thing, but their own.

When Bolivia sought to lay hands on it they resented fiercely, and knowing the territory better, had all the best of it. The Paraguayans drove the Bolivians out, but then, inflated by success, followed them up with the hope of laying hands on the neighbouring oil fields. It was then the turn of Bolivia to resist the invader, which it did successfully.

So the battle swayed. Neither could expect to hold on to what they sought to seize, but neither would give way. At last, however, they have been brought to see sense, and to learn what was evident from the first: that the Chaco was not worth fighting about.

Is Science Working For Our Good?

LORD WEIR, speaking not long ago on the abuse of science by war, used these words, which we reprint for remembrance:

No one is more conscious than the scientist and engineer that today, in many cases, he is not directing the great sources of power in nature towards the use and convenience of man, but is having imposed on him a deflection from that duty, leading to the destruction of our civilisation.

Fortunately for mankind, even the most ghastly of scientific methods of death-dealing fails to destroy more than a small fraction of a population, but this does not excuse the devotion of science to the killing of millions, the maiming of tens of millions, and the ruin of hundreds of millions.

What might not science accomplish if organised for the arts of Peace rather than the arts of War? A modern poet has written a sonnet entitled Science to Society, which runs:

I gave you power, and you have made men weak;
I gave you engines, and you made them master;
I broke up earth and rock that you might seek
The good of men, and you have wrought disaster;
I gave great harvest, and you hoard or burn it
While scores of millions cry to heaven for bread;
I showed the way to plenty and you spurn it;
How else you use me ask the war-time dead!

The steel I give may serve for sword or share;
My engines deal alike with good or ill;
Your guns, your tenements, your rubbish, bear
The black sign-manual of perverted will.
The instruments are mine; what have you done
That men should fear the knowledge I have won?

We must have faith. There were ages when war was universal and when every man carried arms. Let us not doubt that the day will dawn when war will cease, and when science will be set free to serve.

It is significant to note that the new battleships now contemplated by Britain and America are to cost far more than cathedrals. For us it will be about £9,000,000; for America it will be much more, because American building costs half as much again as ours. The American 40,000-ton ship will cost about £14,000,000. It is the cost of building a town. A population of 100,000, housed in 25,000 dwellings costing £500 each, would demand only £12,500,000, or less than one American battleship, and the life of a battleship is about twenty years, while houses last at least eighty.

THE LITTLE PATCH OF GROUND

And the Wonder on the Roof

Our Town Girl stood waiting for a bus in a dreary part of Westminster Bridge Road early this summer when she noticed a man jump over a low fence in front of some hoardings covered with ugly advertisements and begin collecting litter from the ground.

"Is that your garden?" she asked as a joke, but the man took her seriously.

"Yes, Miss, it's our garden—unemployed men. The plants haven't come yet. When they do, we hope to have it as nice as the one opposite—except for the bus tickets."

Beautifying Waste Spaces

Across the road was a bigger and better garden, struggling against the drought and the litter in another half-moon of land in front of more hideous hoardings. A board proudly perched on a little cairn at the back announced that it was cared for by the London Gardens Society, 47 Whitehall; but it was the unemployed men who actually carried across the road every morning the water which made the flowers bloom, and in his view the garden was his, for he made it.

Then our Town Girl hopped on to a bus and went along to the London Gardens Society to ask questions.

"Are you going to beautify all the waste spaces of London?"

Miss Nancy MacKinnon (Propaganda Secretary) smiled. "No, we could hardly do that," she said. "Our task is rather to bring sound advice to gardeners, to help with the gardens of the new block dwellings, and to encourage window-boxes. But as our aim is a more beautiful London we have made five or six gardens in waste spaces to give a lead, hoping that others will follow suit."

A New Era

And what she said next is very good news: "A new era of advertising is at hand. People are tired of words and slogans disfiguring the landscape. The advertiser of the future will get far better results from a bed of gorgeous petunias and an unobtrusive little sign beside it telling us that this feast for the eyes has been supplied by So-and-So, than he does now from his blatant posters."

"This new era in which gardening is used for publicity is already here. A magnificent beginning has been made at Derry & Toms big stores, where an acre and a quarter of ground 95 feet above London, on the roof, has been laid out in three beautiful gardens. These gardens, like many of the loveliest ones in the countryside, are open to visitors in aid of nurses or a hospital, and so great is the popularity of these roof gardens in London that thousands of pounds have been raised through them. About 70,000 people must have been through them this summer. This is not only an extremely clever piece of advertising, but is something well worth doing for its own sake, for a lovely garden is a work of art."

Oases of Loveliness

All that Miss MacKinnon says about London's wonderful roof gardens in Kensington is true. We are among the many thousands of people who have been to see them this summer, and there is no finer sight on any roof we know, and few finer gardens within ten miles of Charing Cross. We can only hope that this vision of all the waste spaces in our cities being made into oases of loveliness by the very people who now offend our eyes with their ugly posters will come true, and in the meantime our thanks to the London Gardens Society for taking over its derelict spaces and showing others the way.

THREE ON AN ISLAND

Dr and Mrs Fraser Darling and their son, who is ten, have begun life on the uninhabited island of North Rona in the Outer Hebrides.

They are to spend six months there alone. Their next-door neighbour will be the lighthouse man at the Butt of Lewis, 50 miles away, and they hope to keep in touch with him by sending weekly All's Well signals by wireless.

Dr Darling's purpose in visiting North Rona is the study of the Atlantic seals which are found in large numbers on the desolate shores.

SOMETHING ABOUT STEAM

The steam supplied to modern turbine engines is so hot that it would set fire to a piece of wood; a thirtieth part of a second later it leaves the turbine at the temperature of luke-warm water.

ONE MOMENT, PLEASE

Whitby is winning a name for being one of Yorkshire's most courteous towns.

This is partly due to a new courtesy campaign one of its councillors has launched. Every year the holiday season brings this famous old town new parking problems, and to minimise some of them the councillor has written a polite note which begins, "One moment, please," and goes on to say that the councillor hopes the motorist will enjoy his stay in Whitby, and then very engagingly points out that parking places have been provided.

The idea is that the police shall quietly drop these little letters into cars parked where they ought not to have been left; and it is hoped this way of pointing out an error will do much to keep the narrow streets and the sea-front unobstructed.

THE CHEAPEST BARGAIN IN THE WORLD

If we were asked what is the very cheapest thing in the world, what reply should we give?

In our opinion the best bargain is that which has just been offered to us by the Postmaster-General.

Beginning this week-end we can send a letter weighing half an ounce to Australia for three-halfpence! It is a marvel of cheapness and courage. It is the longest journey in the world; Puck is to do it in nine days and carry our message for three halfpennies.

SHIPS AND THE NATION

A public man has been warning the nation of the shipping decline to which we have again and again devoted attention. His chief points are:

We have about 2000 fewer cargo and passenger vessels than in 1914.

In vessels of 1500 to 5000 gross tons, on which we rely largely for food and raw materials, our ships have declined by over 1900 in 25 years, while foreign vessels have increased by 542.

British seamen have fallen in numbers.

The Calcutta-Japan trade, wholly British in 1911, is now 61 per cent Japanese; Bombay-Japan trade is 80 per cent Japanese, and Australia-Japan trade is 79 per cent Japanese.

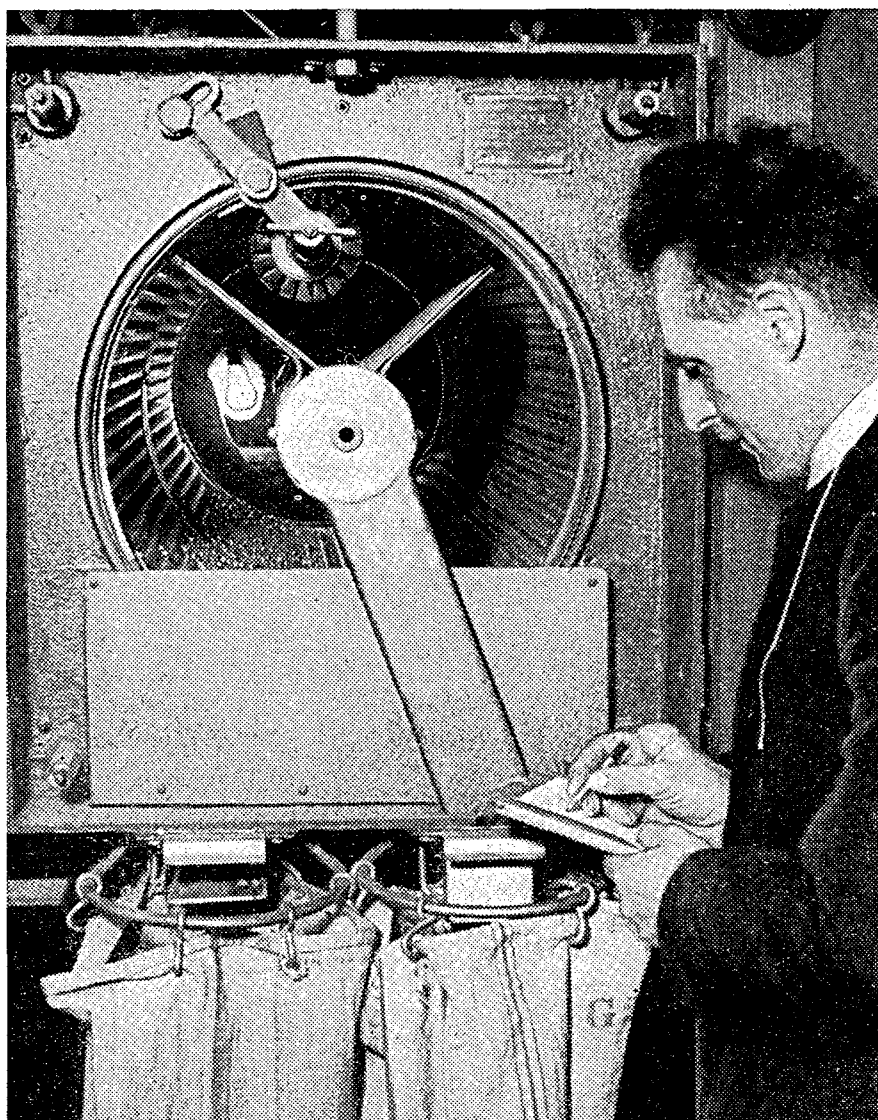
BRER RABBIT AT HOME

Brer Rabbit has come to town, though not to stay.

Neighbours of Mrs Parker who lives at Gainsborough were surprised the other day to see a rabbit looking out of one of the bedroom windows. They knew Mrs Parker had gone away for a day or two, and, wondering what Brer Rabbit was doing there, they made inquiries, and Mrs Parker's son entered the house. Everyone had been surprised to see a rabbit at home, but they were still more surprised when they discovered that the intruder had eaten an aspidistra and some coconut fibre mats.

The little thief was allowed to run away, perhaps to tell the story in his burrow of the few days he had been spending at his town house.

The Robot Seed-Sorter



This picture shows an ingenious machine which is used by a big seed company for sorting peas. The peas are placed in the revolving cylinder, which is lined with numerous rows of needle points. As the peas roll over and over any that are diseased and have holes in them are impaled on the points. They are thus carried to the top of the cylinder and removed by the revolving brush, to fall into the trough and roll down the chute into the bag on the right. The sound peas come through an aperture on the left into another bag.

THE MONSTER LOBSTER

Fishermen on the West Coast of Scotland now have a true fishing story to tell their children and their children's children.

Two Luing men were astonished when they went to look at their creels on the Island of Jura recently to see, clinging to the top of one of them, an enormous lobster. It was quickly caught and was found to weigh nearly ten pounds, the biggest lobster seen for many years!

SANDY'S WORD BOOK

We announced last week that a Cornish Dictionary is being talked of, and we now see that an attempt is being made to publish a Scottish National Dictionary.

We remember that it is just 100 years since the death of Dr Jamieson, a Scot, who had the idea of keeping a note book for words used only in Scotland.

Dr Jamieson thought Scottish was a broken down form of English, but a Danish friend assured him that Scotland had a language of its own. Curious to prove the truth of his friend's remark, Dr Jamieson bought a twopenny note book and entered in it all the words he came across peculiar to Scotland. He went on and on until his list was so long that he published a dictionary which the writer thinks is still the best in the Scottish language.

A LITTLE PLAY FOR THE LOU

A company of amateur actors is to stage a dramatic sketch at the Stepping Stones, Dovedale, with the object of showing the Litter Lout how to dispose of his litter—or her litter, for we much regret to say that too often we see smartly dressed ladies (so-called) throwing their rubbish about.

A SKY STORY

The righteous complaints about the nuisance of aeroplanes flying overhead trailing advertising banners remind us of a tale of one of this kind of plane in the United States.

The occasion was the annual football match between Harvard and Yale Universities, which filled the huge Yale Bowl, as the Yale stadium is called, from ground to rim with many thousands of fathers and mothers, sisters, cousins, and aunts, and enthusiastic supporters of the two sides.

Just before the game began an aeroplane sailed over the Bowl trailing an invitation from the rival university of both Harvard and Yale on a long banner: "Send your boy to Princeton!"

QUEEN OF THE ATLANTIC

Mrs William Polk of New York has some claim to be known as Queen of the Atlantic, for she has visited England 55 times, crossing and recrossing the Atlantic in all the famous liners of last century and this. Her first voyage was in the Great Eastern, when she was a child of three.

PULLING DOWN THE SLUMS

Never before were so many houses built in England and Wales in six months as in the half-year which ended in March.

The number was 181,944, which meant the rehousing of over 900,000 men, women, and children. At that rate it would be possible to rehouse all our people in 45 years.

We now should certainly be able to wipe out the worst slums in a few years more, and then to deal with the many poor houses which are considerably below a proper standard.

SO THEY PASSED OVER

There was a happy little incident at the busiest corner in the world (Hyde Park Corner) the other day.

A cat was faced with the problem of getting her two kittens across the road. She first of all carried one to the island in the middle of the street, leaving the other on the pavement, but then, evidently thinking it would not be safe to leave the second kitten on the island, took it back to the pavement.

Then along came a helping hand in the form of a dog, which picked up one of the kittens; and the little company of four made their way to safety on the other side of the street.

THE SEVEN GOLDEN CANDLESTICKS

In clearing out some Jewish catacombs in Western Galilee a number of inscriptions were found, mostly brief and not of great general interest.

However, there are represented cut in the rock of the walls quite a number of the Seven Golden Candlesticks. The only one we know of in Rome itself is on the Arch of Titus.

THE OLD WATCH-HOUSE

Another link with the past may soon be pulled down.

It is perhaps the only original stone-built house of the old watchmen of the 18th century now left, and may still be seen, used as a division between one garden from another in Clapham Road. Few passers-by realise that once upon a time, when footpads haunted the Common, this was a watch-house in which "Charlie" guarded Clapham, then a village. In his three-cornered hat, and with his rattle, staff, and lantern, he would call the hours, reassuring all and sundry that all was well.

IN MEMORY OF PRESIDENT WILSON

The house where President Wilson was born in 1856, at Staunton in Virginia, is to be preserved for all time.

It will be a national shrine dedicated to the aims and ideals and purposes for which Woodrow Wilson lived and died, that men of every nation and at all times might have a fairer opportunity to enjoy the fruits of democracy and thus be the better enabled to attain the mental, moral, and spiritual development intended for them by their Divine Creator."

BABAR

Babar, the young elephant in the Children's Zoo, is growing up into a young lady with a mind of her own.

She is beginning to have likes and dislikes, and one of her likes are the emu chicks she allows to roam round her paddock. The other morning, when the weather was sultry, the little elephant amused herself by blowing on them with her trunk, an experience the chicks enjoyed hugely, evidently appreciating the draught.

But one of the things Babar definitely does not tolerate is for her keeper to sit on the rails of her paddock. If he does she pushes him off!

THREE HEROES IN THE FAMILY

Heroism evidently runs in families, even in the dog world.

A dog named Tina, whose master keeps a fruit shop in Soho, attracted the attention of a policeman passing the shop the other day by whining, and when the officer looked round to see what was wrong he noticed smoke coming from the basement and called the fire brigade. When the firemen arrived, Tina persuaded them to follow her to the back of the shop, where four kittens were mewing in a box, abandoned by their mother, and the faithful animal refused to leave until the firemen had rescued them.

Tina's sister was awarded a medal a year ago for saving a family in Titchfield Street by giving the alarm, and history relates still another adventure of this doggy family, for Tina's mother once tackled a burglar, keeping him at bay until he was arrested.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

JULY 30 1938

Who Goes to Arran to See This?

IN Scotland they call Arran the Isle of Beauty. To it the Southerner has lately brought an Otter Hunt to furnish its visitors with the spectacle of one of the most senseless of field sports.

In Arran are mountains and glens, and the Stone Circles of prehistoric Gaelic men. We warrant that those ancient Gaels knew no such ignorant cruelty as hunting the otter in the mountain burns and calling it sport.

The otter is one of our rarer British wild animals. It is a hunter, but it hunts for its food in the streams, and the fish it catches are little loss to anyone. Certain it is that Arran's own islanders do not grudge its spoil; but they detest the invasion of these otter hunters in their enchanted peaceful isle.

What a spectacle for summer visitors, especially the children! They will see grown men and women following the otter hounds along the brown burns of Machrie and Blackwater and Sliderry, probing the banks with poles to drive out the otter into the jaws of its enemies. The enemies are the otter hounds trained to attack it, which no ordinary dog would do. Most dogs, seeing its broad flat head just raised above the water as it swims, might bark at it, because of the strange sight, but there hostility would cease.

It is only when the otter is driven out into the open, and forced into the jaws of the otter hounds (*ten or twelve to one*), that murder takes place. The otter makes a fierce resistance, though it fights a losing battle. But that is not the end—when it is almost at its last gasp some bold man picks it up by its tail and throws it alive among the pack.

Sport! Where is the sport in this butchery, and who would not shudder to think of his children being witnesses of it? It is not even redeemed by any spice of danger to the hunters, or excused by any excitement of the chase.

It should be made illegal. The oldest and most influential of all periodicals devoted to sport and pastime, The Field, has always refused to countenance it or advertise it, and it is time that the example should be followed by decent people.

Notice For A Beauty-Spot

Who litters up your garden plot
Is in disgrace;
How can you then despoil this spot,
This lovely place?

If you at home are always neat,
Here be the same,
And leave this bit of England sweet
As when you came. H. L. G.



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

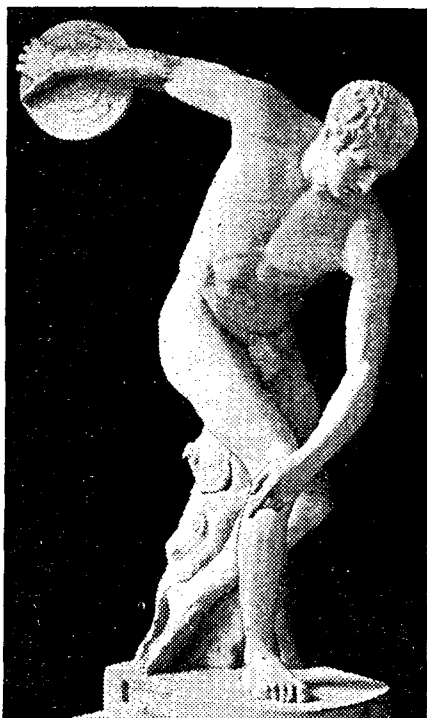
John Carpenter House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River
Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



Herr Hitler and Our Old Nobilities

HERR HITLER declares that he wishes German artists to set their standards according to works like this, which after thousands of years still have the same appeal as when it came out of the artist's hands.



Myron's Discobolus

The C N suggests that Herr Hitler should extend his approval of the ancient nobilities of the world to things like this:

Do unto others as you would that others should do unto you,

which after all these centuries has still the same appeal as when first spoken in Galilee.

Manners Makyth Man

THE other day three ladies entered an Underground coach in which every seat was occupied by young boys in the care of two masters from a London school. Not one boy or one master offered a seat to his seniors.

It seems a great pity that the school motto of Winchester can be so readily forgotten by any schoolboys.

This Strange World

WE hear of a girl who has opened her eyes for the first time, and wept as she looked about her.

Born blind 20 years ago, she was given her sight by a miracle, but the doctor has been telling us that as soon as she saw the faces of men and women she cried bitterly. In the darkness of her mind she had pictured human faces as always pleasing and always happy, and it was a shock to find that they were not all that she had hoped.

Perhaps it is only fair to the human race to say that in these days of anxiety it is not looking its best.

School and After

MR JOHN BELL, in leaving St Paul's School to become headmaster of Cheltenham College, had something encouraging to say to boys who do not shine as scholars.

He said, with truth, that a boy who is not brilliant at school frequently does well in life. That is not for the encouragement of idlers, for it is also true that those who do well at school normally succeed in professions better than those who fail at school.

There are, however, qualities making for success in life which stand apart from intellect and learning; for example, trustworthiness, integrity, cheerfulness, industry, courage. Add these to great mental capacity, and we get a Great Man. Add them to ordinary ability, and we get a Man well worth that honourable name.

THE BROADCASTER

SOMEONE unknown has given £600 for the Norman chapel at Tewkesbury.

THREE business men have given £5000 each to Birmingham Hospital Centre.

THE fund for the Boy Scouts Half-Million is now halfway to success.

JUST AN IDEA

Was it not Keats who, hearing of a friend in trouble, said, "Well, it cannot be helped; he will have the pleasure of trying the resources of his spirit."

Under the Editor's Table

A WRITER puts forward a proposal that holiday luggage should as a general rule be lighter. It will be carried unanimously.

CERTAIN scientists want to bring home to people the importance of certain foods. Pity they can't bring the foods as well.

AN office cleaner drove out a burglar. In a borrowed car?

TWO pigeons have built their nest in a railway station. Hope to get cheap fare.

VEGETARIANS in the south of England are holding a secret conference. Hope nobody will spill the beans.

Peter Puck Wants To Know



If the veterinary surgeon looks a gift horse in the mouth

THE small boy who was discovered eating cherries in a cherry-tree said his brother put him up to mischief.

LONDON'S tube extensions are going ahead. They will have to be kept under.

IT is a puzzling question why some pedestrians will not cross at an official crossing. There are two sides to it.

A SCOTTISH visitor in London says picture exhibitions draw him. But artists don't.

Next Generation

THE school goes down to bathe,
And then not two or three
But sixty boys at once
Run shouting to the sea.

Two tides are meeting there,
A tide of salt and spray
And one of human life
Whose end is far away.

Bright harvests has the sea,
And in that tide of youth
Bright harvests may be hid,
New power, art, and truth.

Good fishing for the world,
New blessings may there be
Before that happy tide
Becomes an ebbing sea. J. F.

The Proud Queen Stoops

ONCE Queen Elizabeth stooped, and it would seem that the world stood amazed, for the fact was handed down to posterity.

She did not stoop metaphorically, to play with a child or gossip with a dairymaid, but she stooped actually, bowing her stately head and bending her royal knees. This was the manner of it.

The great Lord Burghley was lying sick unto death, and Queen Elizabeth came to Exeter House to visit her faithful servant. She was gorgeously attired in swelling petticoats, puffed sleeves, wide ruff, and much jewellery. High headdresses were in fashion that year, and the Queen saw that hers was higher than anyone else's. In fact, it was so high that she could not enter Lord Burghley's door.

It sounds like a scene in a pantomime, or the adventures of Alice in the Hall of Tiny Doors. But everyone was grave and worried. Had the Queen come for nothing? Must the sick man be carried out to her?

It did not occur to the Queen or her suite that she might stoop, but after some hesitation one of Lord Burghley's men dared to suggest it. Elizabeth considered the new idea. And then she said: *I will stoop for your master, but not for the King of Spain.*

So she got in after all.

For Those in Peril on the Road

Most merciful Father, to whom a thousand years are as a day and in whom is found no haste, touch our feverish spirits that we may have strength to be patient when we travel.

May we at all times drive with care and never by thoughtlessness or foolish pride endanger lives upon the road. Give us, we beseech thee, a sense of the inestimable worth of life. Protect us from all misadventure, and bring us safely to our journey's end. Amen

The Partnership

We plough the fertile meadows,
We sow the furrowed land;
But all the growth and increase
Are in God's mighty hand.
He gives the shower and sunshine
To swell the quickening grain;
The springing corn He blesses,
He clothes the golden plain.

DOUBLE-DOUBLE

Fagg the Centurion

Fagg, the first man in for Kent, has done what no batsman had ever done.

He made over 200 in each innings of a match, 244 in the first innings and 202 not out in the second.

The Test Match has rather obscured the notability of this feat, and everybody wishes that Fagg could have been playing against Australia when he accomplished something that even the great Don Bradman has never done.

But his two innings reflect the change that has come over cricket since Test Matches developed a new style of batting and almost a new style of batsman. In the days before wickets were so carefully prepared, and three days only were allotted even to a Test Match, a batsman generally thought he had deserved well of his country or his county if he made a hundred.

The Australians have set another standard. When one of their batsmen has made a century he does not lift his cap in response to the cheers and resolve now to take a dip at the bowling, but settles himself even more firmly in the crease to begin the next hundred.

It may be more encouraging to his side than exhilarating for the spectators, but that is the essence of the new style cricket, and is why the demand has arisen for five-day matches.

There is much to be said on either side, though we may recall that Sir Stanley Jackson, when the proposal was made to extend Test Matches beyond three days, was opposed to it. But times change and we change with them, and five, or even six-day Test Matches are on the way if wickets continue to improve and no bad weather spoils the pitch.

Fagg's double centuries are more worthy of remark just now, because when in Australia with the last English team he never got into his stride and was invaded home.

OUR MARVELLOUS AIRWAYS

Busier and Busier

Last year 23,900 commercial flights were made across the English Channel and 159,000 passengers were carried. Yet the first cross-channel flight was made less than 30 years ago!

The news of this remarkable traffic is contained in the Air Ministry's Report on the Progress of Civil Aviation, which also reveals that British commercial planes covered 10,753,000 miles during the year, 4,200,000 on Empire routes. During the year services within the British Isles covered 3,300,000 miles and carried 161,500 passengers and 1300 tons of goods without a serious accident.

There are now about 200 British civil planes equipped with wireless, and in 1937 more than 68,000 bearings were given, compared with about 5000 yearly to ships off the coasts of Britain. Croydon Airport dealt with nearly 40,000 requests for weather information.

It is good to be reminded that the aeroplane is making a peaceful progress in these days when the nations are menacing the world by abusing it.

The Epitaph

We cannot all be rich or great, but we can all leave something good behind us on our way through the world.

Perhaps it may be the thought that we were always busy, neat, and clean. That, we hear, is how a little girl of ten regards her governess, for whom she wrote an epitaph the other day.

When you go to heaven (said little Ten-Year-Old), we shall have to remember how you were always busy filling in odd moments, and say: "In memory of Miss S.W. Always washing; the things she left behind her were clean clothes."

A SPOT ON THE SUN AND THE RING IN A TREE

Weather Clocks of Ages Past

SPLENDID NEW FIELD FOR EXPLORERS OF KNOWLEDGE

THE Men of the Trees have been holding their first Summer School at Oxford, and when it was over many of those attending it moved off to live under canvas or in caravans by the Thames, where some practical demonstrations are being held this week.

This camp, which has been pitched at Moulsoford-on-Thames, welcomed as visitors the Twigs, who are the junior members of this important society, Boys of the Trees as we may call them. Young and old have been enjoying visits to woodlands on the Berkshire hills, and in the evenings have been gathering round campfires like true Scouts.

Anticipating Climate Changes

The Summer School, held at Lady Margaret Hall in Oxford, was arranged in order that all interested in our countryside might have an opportunity of meeting in conference landowners, foresters, town and country planners, park-superintendents and other officials being especially welcome.

In addition to lectures on trees of all kinds and their cultivation, papers were read on tree-planting in cities; on forestry as a solution of the unemployment problem of the unskilled worker; and on the new science of tree-rings, which it is hoped will make it possible to anticipate changes in the climate of a country by studying the annual rings formed on trees in past ages. Professor Douglass of Arizona University read a paper on tree-rings, and other visitors from America and abroad added considerably to the value of the discussions at the conference.

The Men of the Trees, founded by our friend Mr St Barbe Baker, is no purely technical society. It wishes to encourage the planting of trees in this country for the sake of their beauty and for the peace of mind their contemplation gives to all. The School and the Camp this year aimed at extending this love of trees and bringing together men of several nations who both love trees and realise the urgent need for preserving them, and it is interesting that it has now brought to the front this question of the bearing of a tree on the weather, and its value as a time-signal.

The Eleventh Ring

It increases our respect for our veteran trees when we realise that hidden away in their trunks is a record of the years, perhaps running into centuries, through which they have lived.

It has long been understood that each ring formed in the trunk represents one year's growth of the tree, but Professor Douglass examining the trunks of Sequoia trees in California (of which we have in the British Museum a section showing 1335 annual rings) finds that every eleventh ring in these trunks is more widely spaced than its fellows, showing that in each of those years the growth of the tree was more vigorous than in the years between.

This excessive growth in these eleventh years he attributes to the influence attending years of maximum sunspot activity. By the examination of many old trees cut down in modern times and of ancient wood felled long ago, he has been able to piece together a remarkable history of sunspots dating back 3000 years.

The marvellous spots on the Sun were first observed by Galileo as long ago as 1610, and have ever since been a subject of intense speculation.

The spots are holes or hollows in the photosphere, the coat (really a shell or envelope) of luminous clouds formed by the cooling of the solar gases as they

meet the cold of space) which is commonly regarded as the surface of the Sun.

The spots look dark because they are relatively not as bright as the dazzling photosphere. Sometimes they are so big that they can be perceived by the naked eye if the Sun is observed through smoked glass. Single spots have been measured 50,000 miles in diameter.

Long ago it was noticed that the spots had great apparent influence on terrestrial affairs. It was observed that they have a certain periodicity, waxing or waning in number, and reaching a maximum every ten years or so. This periodicity also attaches to the variations in the magnetic needle. The magnetic curve is one with the sun-spot curve.

The beautiful aurora borealis is always accompanied by magnetic storms, during which the magnetic needle goes wild; the aurora borealis is found to have the same periodicity as sun-spots. It was noticed in 1872 that the appearance of a great sun-spot violently affected the magnetic curve, making magnetic observations impossible for a time.

Wet Years and Dry Years

It now seems to be established by an American investigation of tree growth that the sun-spot cycles correspond with the variation in the size of the rings which, as most people know, mark the annual growth of trees. In a wet year the ring is wide; in a dry year it is narrow.

It does not follow that the sun-spots themselves are the primary cause of the periodicity of certain phenomena on earth. It may be that the sun-spots are associated symptoms. It may be that through the holes or depressions we call sun-spots there pour out into space great discharges of electricity which necessarily affect us, causing magnetic storms, determining temperature and weather, affecting plant growth, and interfering with telegraphic and wireless signals. It was reported in 1937 that brilliant, short-lived eruptions occurring near sun-spots are accompanied by sudden fade-outs in short-wave wireless.

The subject is still largely wrapped in mystery, and affords a splendid field for the ambitious investigator.

It complicates the matter that our own botanists have discovered that the rule as to the annual formation of rings in the trunks of trees is not without its exceptions. A cocoa tree planted in Ceylon in 1893, on being felled seven years later, was found to have 22 rings in its stem, and the explanation was that the tree had shed its leaves three times a year. A ring had formed every time, matching the ring normally formed in a year.

A Trap For the Botanist

On the other hand, a well known tree felled at Aden, although known by the natives to be very old, showed only half a dozen rings, a result springing from the almost complete absence of rain in that arid situation.

From year to year we see our oaks stripped of foliage by plagues of caterpillars; we may do so again this summer. When that happens a fresh trap is laid for the future botanist. After the caterpillars have done their worst and ceased to feed the tree bestirs itself to produce a new equipment of buds and leaves. In that case two of what we consider annual rings form during one season in the trunk, smaller than the normal ring but twice the number, a fact that may upset the arithmetic of those who examine such trees a century or so in the future.

PAST AND PRESENT AT COUNTY HALL

Children's Drawings of Yesterday and Today

Thousands of people were drawn to County Hall by the recent exhibition of drawings and paintings by the school children of London.

Every type of school was represented and there was one bay devoted to paintings by teachers. There were good pictures and bad pictures, beautiful pictures and ugly ones, but there were none uninteresting. Even the mistakes were interesting; for example, The Village Shop, painted by a girl of twelve, had the perspective in reverse; this is the accepted tradition in Chinese painting.

The ugly pictures made us realise how many ugly things a city-bred child must see in a day. To some extent an exhibition of the drawings of London's children is an accusation of the grown-up world that has surrounded them with so much of what is drab and unbeautiful.

Movement the Keynote

The keynote of the exhibition was Movement. Things happen in most of the pictures, Girls Bathing a Dog, Wild Horses in a Field, Pavement Artist at Work, Moving House, and so on. But even some of the portraits gave such an impression of vitality that one felt that the sitter was in motion. June Pollitt's portrait of her teacher, for example, is full of a dynamic energy, a strange sort of beauty that has nothing to do with prettiness. It must be a wonderful teacher who can inspire a portrait like that, entirely lacking in sentimentality yet full of appreciation.

The idea of movement was carried out in the arrangement of the exhibition also. Young artists are constantly growing, progressing, learning by their mistakes. An interesting section was devoted to the progress of young artists over a period of years. One saw how Maurice Field at nine had difficulty in showing space relationships in a street scene, but at ten he had mastered his problem.

Today and Yesterday

But not only children develop; teaching methods develop also. At the hub of the Conference Hall a little exhibition within an exhibition told the story of the change that has come over art teaching in our schools. Between panels of representative work of today, other panels showed Work Thought Good a Few Years Ago (tiny drawings and water-colours mostly), set, fixed, pretty, but completely lacking in the individuality and character which marks the work of today.

Framing this part of the show were draperies printed with the beautiful designs now being made in some of the schools, thanks to teaching methods introduced by Miss Marion Richardson.

A Revolution Explained

Miss Richardson explains the revolution that has come over our drawing classes in one generation in these words: "We have changed our methods partly because we no longer think of art as man's effort to imitate the appearance of the natural world, but rather as man's effort to express his realisation of an underlying harmony, and also because we have discovered that children have their own approach to art inseparable from their way of seeing and experiencing things. This discovery has been made possible by allowing children to be themselves in school, and by turning schools into places where children can live and work naturally and happily."

We left this well-arranged exhibition with a clear impression of the great change that has come over art instruction in schools in our time, and a sense that it is a great change for the better. The teachers who are making this possible are unlocking stores of wealth for the future of our country.

Animals That Lie Like Dust For Years

ONE of the most puzzling facts of Natural History is that many small animals can pass into a dried-up state and lie low through bad times.

In this dried-up state—often called *latent life*, and sometimes *suspended animation*—the little creatures show no evidence of being alive, and yet they are not dead. They may become so brittle that they break when you press them gently with a needle, but they become supple and lively again when you give them water and other things that active life needs. It is true that these dried-up animals are just like the dry seeds that we are familiar with in the seedsman's shop—hard, and with no sign of being alive, yet so surely living that when we sow them we reap a harvest. But, as we do not really understand the state of these dry seeds, the comparison does not help us very much. Besides, the life of plants is usually half asleep, and it is surely easier for them to lie low than it is for the more wideawake animals.

A State of Latent Life

What are the kinds of animals that are able to survive being dried up? These are the best known:

1. Very small creatures called Wheel-Animalcules or Rotifers, common in pools and among bog-moss.
2. Equally minute, quaint, sluggish creatures called Bear-Animalcules or Tardigrades, common in the gutters of houses and where plants are decaying in water.
3. Thin thread-like worms, or Nematodes, which swarm in rotting paste or bad vinegar, known as paste-eels and vinegar-eels.
4. A number of pinhead-like Crustaceans which abound in pools and wells, and are called, somewhat carelessly, "water-fleas."

It should be noticed that although these four kinds of animals are minute they are not simple. They are animals with bodies in miniature, and with organs in still smaller miniature. Many of the single-celled animals are able to sink into the mysterious state of latent life and survive, but they have no body comparable with our own; and it seems to us, though we may be wrong, that the puzzle of lying low is greater when we see it in complicated creatures—as wheel-animalcules, water-bears, thread-worms, and water-fleas certainly are.

A very common wheel-animalcule, too small to be seen with the naked eye, has about 1000 cells in its body. Of course, that is not a large number compared with the millions and millions of cells in our body, but it shows that these little creatures that can survive even when they become Dry-as-Dusts are not what we call simple.

Dry for Fourteen Years

In some cases, no doubt, what survives the dryness is not the animal itself, but a developing embryo or an egg; but there are plenty of cases where the whole animal becomes dry and yet survives. Out of a familiar sea-salt, very useful for making a bracing salt bath, it is sometimes possible to rear a beautiful little crustacean called a brine-shrimp, and in this case what has survived in the salt is an egg which continues its development when water is supplied. But in many other cases it is the whole animal that lies low and survives. A

thread-worm may revive after fourteen years' dryness, just as a seed may sprout after being kept in a drawer for 80 years.

One would give anything to know what state the living matter is in during all these years of lying low. *Does the living stop and begin again, as our watch sometimes does?* There is a catch somewhere, and the works come to a standstill. We give it a jerk and on it goes. Or does the living never stop, but simply go on so very slowly that we cannot detect it? Is the life-stream frozen or has it been dammed up?

Active living always requires water. The physical and chemical changes which form the material side of life go on in chemical mixtures that require water if their activity is to continue. It seems, then, in certain animals and conditions, that if the water in the body disappears very slowly the physical basis of life may pass into a state like that of a frozen stream. Nothing is seriously damaged; the complicated chemical laboratory is not destroyed; but all is stiff and unusable for lack of water. If water is supplied activity begins again, but there must not be too long delay.

The Case of the Earth-Worm

A very interesting series of experiments on earth-worms has shown that they can lose a very large quantity of the water in their body without losing their life. They may lose more than half the weight of their body and yet become lively again; they may lose nearly three-quarters of the weight of water in their body and become lively again; they may be quite motionless, without any hint of a blood-current, for two days, and yet survive; they may be reduced to one-half or one-third of their length and volume, and survive notwithstanding. Surely life is a very wonderful kind of activity; it is so tender and yet so tough; it is so delicate and yet so unconquerable.

Who shall tell us what life really is?

JOHN SELDEN'S COTTAGE

It is good to hear that Worthing is to preserve John Selden's cottage. It is at Salvington in Sussex, one of Worthing's little neighbours.

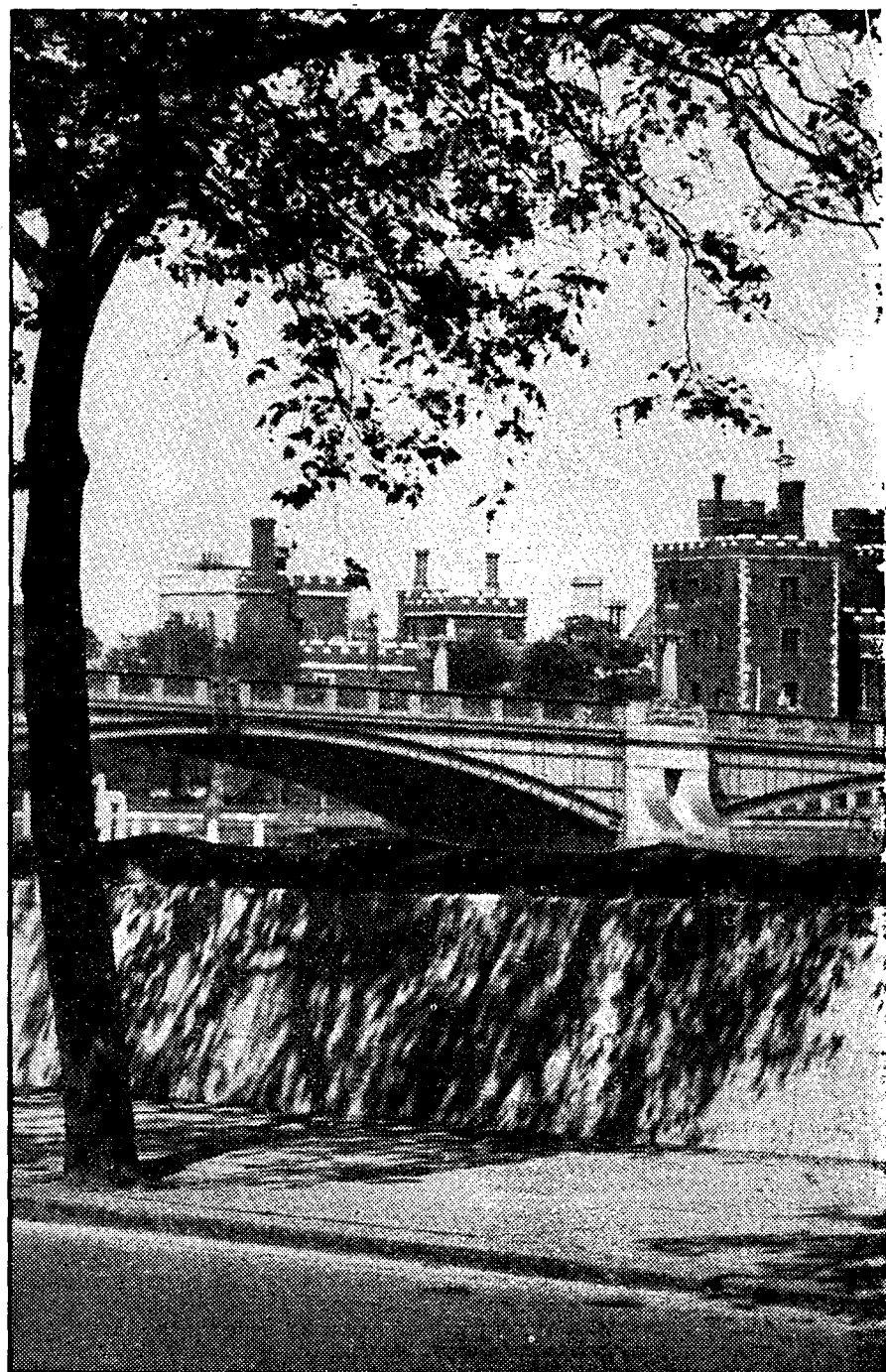
The small house in this quiet place in which the poet, lawyer, and famous politician was born in 1584 is built of flint and heavy timbers, with a Latin inscription over the door which every villager can translate for us. It was composed by John Selden when he was ten, and it means:

*Walk in and welcome, honest friend—
repose;*

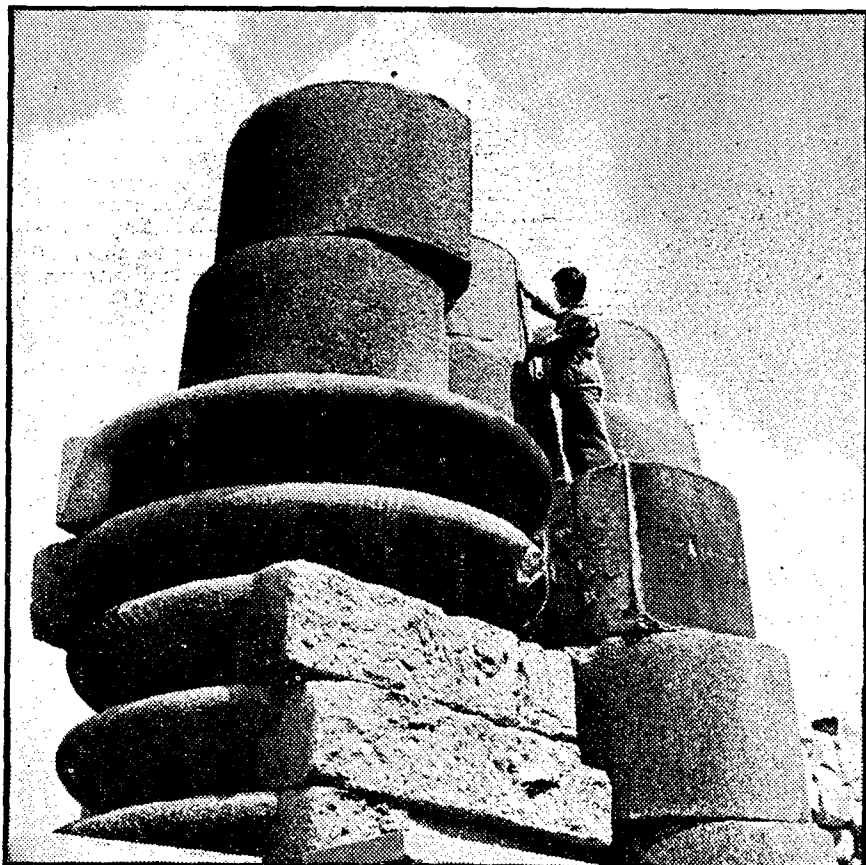
Thief, get thee gone; to thee I'll not uncloze.

John was a farmer's son who lives in the history of the Commonwealth period. He entered Oxford at 14 and at 18 was a law student at Clifford's Inn. So wide and various was his knowledge that while he was still young he was styled "the dictator of learning of the English nation." He died wealthy, leaving a magnificent collection of books to the Bodleian Library, and he sleeps in Temple Church. A society bears his name and carries on the researches in which he took such great delight.

The Stones of London Town

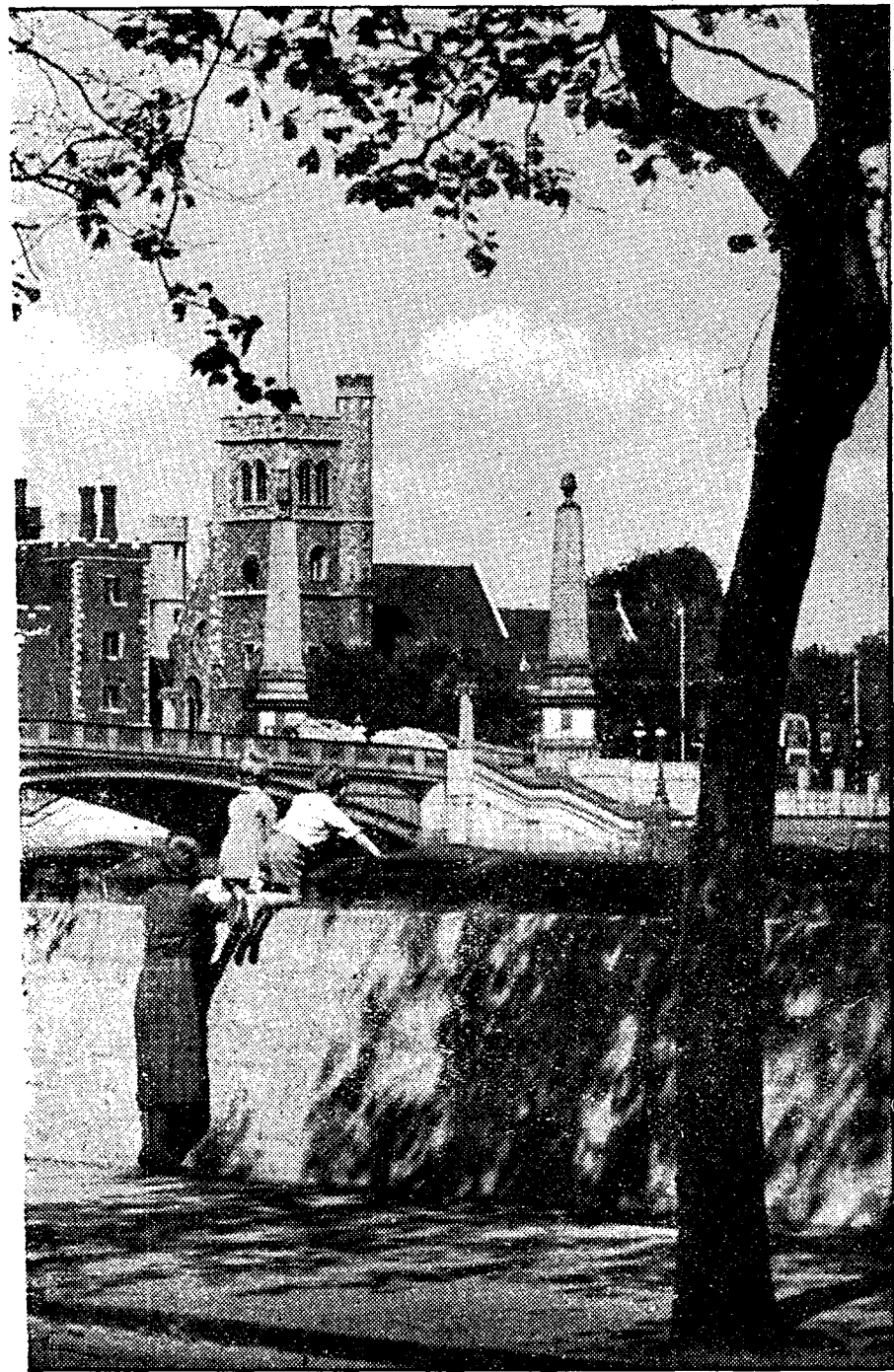


A delightful view of Lambeth Palace, London home of the Archbishop of Canterbury.



Waterloo Bridge—Huge blocks of granite from the old Waterloo Bridge have been stored at Harmondsworth in Middlesex, and some of them are to be used in the new bridge.

-Palace, Cathedral, and Bridge



shop of Canterbury, seen from the Millbank side of the Thames



Southwark Cathedral—Standing on a ladder, this workman is repairing the crumbling stone-work of Southwark Cathedral's 400-year-old tower. In the background is Tower Bridge

A Great Attraction in the Fair of Life

LIFE has been described as a big fair, with coloured tents and flags, and music, and showmen bawling: *Step up! Step up! This way for the finest sight in the fair!* There is something for every taste.

If you like you may spend your time on the roundabouts, or at the circus, or in the hall of distorting mirrors. But if you miss the booth of poetry sound judges will tell you that you have missed one of the greatest attractions of the fair. Others will even say that you might as well never have come, that you have wasted your time and your money. Therefore let us look at the thing quite squarely before we decide whether or no we really care for poetry.

To begin with, how would you describe poetry? Perhaps you would say it is just a way of saying things, using words that rhyme, like this:

*Jack and Jill
Went up the hill.*

But that is not satisfactory, for most of Shakespeare's poetry, and Milton's, is in blank verse, without rhyme, like this description of the fallen angels replying to their leader:

*He spake; and, to confirm his words,
out flew
Millions of flaming swords, drawn from
the thighs
Of mighty cherubim; the sudden blaze
Far round illumined hell; highly they
raged
Against the Highest, and fierce with
graspèd arms
Clashed on their sounding shields the
din of war,
Hurling defiance toward the vault of
Heaven.*

Even without the rhyme endings poetry sounds musical, because every poem is like an orchestra, and someone is beating time for it. It is the fall of this beat which pleases our ear.

Sometimes it is like galloping horses, as in Byron's Destruction of Sennacherib:

*The Assyrian came down like a wolf on
the fold,
And his cohorts were gleaming in purple
and gold,
And the sheen of their spears was like
stars on the sea
When the blue wave rolls nightly on deep
Galilee.*

Broadly speaking, there are two kinds of poetry. One is written in the mood which makes you want to whistle; you are bubbling over with contentment, you will not let that cocky little linnet have it all his own way, so you sing or whistle as you stride along. That mood makes what is called lyric poetry, like Herrick's. Perhaps this is the sweetest poetry of all, the most natural and English.

The other kind of poetry is written in the mood which makes you think. The poet has something to say. He is deeply in earnest. He has worked out a thought in his lonely meditations that he must share with the rest of mankind. This mood makes poetry like Milton's and most of Wordsworth's, poetry that makes you feel the majesty of the human soul.

The clearest difference between man and the animals is man's speech, and

the highest form of speech is poetry. Instead of merely using language to explain his wants or warn his friends of danger, man has developed, tuned, ennobled, and adorned it until he has made a worthy form of expression for human feelings and human ideas.

But you may think yourself a matter-of-fact person, with no time to waste in reading about feelings and ideas. What you want are facts. Well, let us suppose that you find yourself mentioned in the newspapers because you have exceeded the speed limit, or have pulled someone out of the river. You will be described something like this: John Henry Smith, 15, of 42 Chester Street. Those are the facts about you, but they do not describe you a bit. If you took a new name, or grew a year older, or moved to another house it would not make much difference. What makes you you, different from anyone else? It is your fondness for certain people, your ambitions, your pleasures, the way you take successes and face difficulties; in fact, it is your character.

If your feelings and ideas are more important than the outside facts about you then it is more important that you should know the feelings and ideas of the greatest men in the past than that you should know the dates of battles and coronations. To put it at the lowest, you will find it more useful.

The Language of Poetry

At first the language of poetry may seem strange to you, because nowadays we are so accustomed to slang and slovenly speaking. Make up your mind that it is not the poet who speaks with affectation: it is your ear that is out of tune. However, in the noblest poetry you will find great simplicity, very few odd words, no exaggeration, and often a thought more briefly expressed than if prose were used. Philosophers and preachers take volumes to say what Wordsworth said of Immortality in a few lines:

*Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting:
The soul that rises with us, our life's
star,
Hath had elsewhere its setting
And cometh from afar:
Not in entire forgetfulness,
And not in utter nakedness,
But trailing clouds of glory do we come
From God, who is our home.*

Until you are used to the language of poetry it will tire your attention least to read story-poems; but one day a spell will fall on you as you read an ode by Keats, and you will come back to the everyday world with a start. Why, a minute ago you were in a greenwood; you could smell the very moss, could hear the drip of water, you had tasted some magic berry, and could understand what the nightingale was saying. This is the true enchantment of poetry.

However crowded the city in which you live, when you open your books you can get away to open country. All alone you can follow Herrick's winding streams, wander in Keats's mysterious beechwoods, scale Milton's heights, and come to the beach where the verse of Shakespeare breaks immortally like the waves of the sea.

OBSTINATE ALUMINIUM

1000 New Uses For It

Although something approaching a quarter of a million tons of aluminium is being used every year there has probably never been a metal so obstinate to man's handling of it.

The difficulty with which aluminium is soldered is well known, and even today, in spite of fortunes which have been spent upon this problem, soldering aluminium is extremely difficult.

But for the last twenty years similar efforts have been made to nickel-plate and silver-plate aluminium, and here again it is a long story of disappointment on account of the chemical obstinacy of the metal.

The whole trouble lies in the greediness with which aluminium combines with oxygen; a piece of brightly polished aluminium left in the air will almost instantly become coated with an infinitely thin layer of aluminium-oxide, and it is this "skin" which not only prevents solder from getting into intimate contact with the metal, but has made any form of electro-plating impossible. Now, however, a process has been invented by which, after a simple chemical treatment, aluminium can be electro-plated with nickel, silver, and chromium.

This discovery is likely to be of immeasurable importance in the world of engineering, for it makes possible the use of aluminium and aluminium-alloy in parts of high-speed machinery which, without the plating, would last only a very short time. The plated aluminium is also easily soldered, so that here again a thousand new uses for this once obstinate metal will be found.

CHILDREN'S HOUSE CALLING

This Week's Good Cause

Dear All of You,

Holiday time is very near again. I wonder where you are going.

Last year we wrote telling you about the camps the boys and girls of Children's House hoped to have by the sea. They do love going to the sea, but Children's House cannot afford to send them every year, and this year we are being content with a camp in the country. We have been putting aside our pennies to try to pay for this, but the pennies, when all of them are put together, will not pay for the camp.

The children who come here try to help others, and this year they had a collection for the Basque children and sent it to one of the Relief Camps near Colchester. In that way they try to share what little they have with others who have less.

Could you C N children this year, as you look forward to the lovely time you will have at the sea, send us a few of the pennies you can spare from your pocket-money, so that you will have the joy of knowing that boys and girls who could not otherwise afford it are getting away from East London into the country?

Postal orders or stamps will be very welcome, and if any of you want to know more about Children's House we shall be glad to send you reports with photographs of the work we are trying to do.

The address is Eagling Road, Bow, London, E 3.

Children's House calling. Thank you for what you will send. Children's House

Plant a Tree

I am in favour of letting all school-children have a tree-planting day each year, when they would go forth in their parish or into the country and plant a tree, and each year watch the last planting, and if it has failed replace it.

Major R. M. Woolley

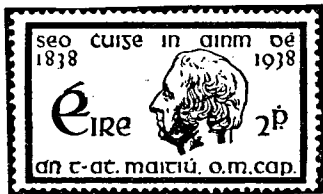
ST THEOBALD OF IRELAND

The Man on the Stamp

One of the most remarkable of all Irishmen is commemorated on two new Irish stamps, a 2d brown and a 3d blue, with a portrait of Father Mathew and his historic pledge: *Here goes . . . in the name of the Lord.*

It was in 1790 that Theobald Mathew began life near Cashel. As a boy he was deeply religious, and as a young man he was numbered among the Irish followers of St Francis. For long he did magnificent work in one of the worst neighbourhoods of Cork, and, taking charge of a chapel known as the Little Friary, he made it the centre of a great revival.

Poor and squalid as the district was, he thought the people deserving of the



utmost he could give them, and bit by bit he worked a miracle there, founding a school and teaching people to read. He was the one man in Ireland who belonged to no party. He was honoured and trusted for his singleness of purpose, and his motto was: *We should bear with each other as God bears with us all.*

But it was not until 1838, a hundred years ago, that his greatest work began. He was appealed to by some of his friends to put himself at the head of what was then a new movement in Ireland, the Irish Temperance Society. At first he was reluctant to do so, but after some hesitation he took up his pen and signed the pledge, saying as he did so: *Here goes . . . in the name of the Lord.*

His Wonderful Smile

So began the startling reform commemorated by the two Irish stamps recently issued. The story of it is amazing. With Father Mathew at its head the Irish Temperance Campaign went on from strength to strength. It swept the country. Wherever this good man went he carried conviction and changed life for the better. He was not tall, but he was handsome and commanding. His face, grave in repose, was often lit up with a wonderful smile, and he had the gift of being able to sway multitudes. Gentle by nature, he was for all that a fighter for Right, and from town to town he went proclaiming new life and hope for those who signed the pledge and kept it.

Everywhere he went there was an immediate diminution of crime, and in place of drunkards happy and hard-working citizens. In 1844 only one prisoner appeared at Cork Assizes, an unheard-of thing; and in the five years following the beginning of the campaign the duties on Irish spirits fell from over £1,400,000 to £850,000.

An Emotional Scene

Thomas Carlyle's wife has left us a vivid picture of one of Father Mathew's meetings. She wrote in August 1843:

I found my youthful enthusiasm rise higher and higher as I got on the ground and saw the thousands of people all hushed into awful silence, with not a single exception. From one to two hundred took the pledge, and all the tragedies I have ever seen melted into one could not have given me such emotion as that scene did.

Unhappily these triumphs were checked by the Irish famine. Father Mathew's dreams of a sober, regenerate, and free people were shaken by it, and for some time his energies were directed towards helping starving multitudes.

Nothing could quench the fire in this man's heart. He gave his best with never a thought of self, until he died at Queenstown in 1856.

WRITING DOWN THE AGES

A Fine Little Show

For twenty years one of our grown-up readers promised himself a visit to the splendid little Horniman Museum at Forest Hill and, going there at last, found an exhibition of handwriting coming down from the remotest ages to the present time. It is a feast of interest and wonder for old and young alike.

Such a display reminds us of the debt we owe to the men and nations who perfected this method of bridging the gulf not only between individuals living at a distance from each other, but between one age and another, and between successive civilisations in different lands.

It was the pen, not the machine, that preserved for us the greatest treasures of the world's literature. The pen gave us the Bible; the works of Homer and his immortal Greek successors, of Virgil, Horace, Livy, Ovid, Cicero, Tacitus, Caesar, and the other giants of Roman genius, had all been in existence as the crown jewels of learning for century after century before Gutenberg printed his first book in the 15th century. But for those old masters of the pen there would have been none of these rich treasures to print.

Shakespeare's Writing

There have been many styles of writing since the days when laws and records, letters, and accounts were recorded on pillars of stone and cylinders of clay with pictures and emblems representing words and letters. The scholar can read them all, hieroglyphics, the style of the Greeks and Latins, the Gothic of the Middle Ages, and the Italian from which our modern writing is derived, that in itself being a revival of a style devised in the golden age of Charlemagne.

If we became possessed of a manuscript written by Shakespeare we should be unable to read it without some instruction in Old English, which was really Gothic or High German, the only style he could write. Gothic writing was the last relic with the past that we let go when the rebirth of learning set English genius aflame.

Grandfather's Copybook

That old style is still with us, although we are apt to forget it. The lettering on church windows, on tombstones, on woodcarving, on many public buildings, and in certain leading words in legal documents is still written in the capital letters common to Shakespeare and his contemporaries.

The exhibition in the Horniman Museum, which will continue until the end of August, shows all these styles of lettering, and in addition Oriental and African scripts, Picture-writing which led to the hieroglyphics, Tallies, Horn-books used in Tudor days, the copy-books used by our grandfathers, and many other objects connected with writing and printing.

It brings the whole story of the written word into one gallery and should be visited by all London's children.

The Autogiro Kite

Everyone has flown a kite at some time or other. It is one of the oldest toys in the world.

It is interesting now to hear of a new kind of kite called an autogiro. This is made mostly of wood and has stabilising fins and a wooden rotor with two blades, the rotor beginning to spin round as soon as the kite is held in the wind. The string from which this ingenious toy is flown is tied to a direct control stick, and then away soars the kite up to 70 feet.

The mother of eight children in Saskatchewan wishes to thank an unknown friend who delights them all by sending the C N each week.

MASTERPIECE SUNDAY

The Best of Everything

From a Correspondent

Sunday is the day of days for the radio listener, but, curiously enough, the B B C does not seem to appreciate the fact.

The programme has now been extended to cover nearly all Sunday, but no attempt has been made to improve the quality of the Sunday transmissions. Much of the music broadcast is at best second-rate.

Why not make of Sunday a Masterpiece Day, when the best of everything shall alone be counted good enough? Could we not have, apart from religious services, the following every Sunday?

1. A serious play of high merit, ranging from Shakespeare to the best of the moderns of all lands.
2. An operetta or opera of first rank.
3. A comedy or farce of the best sort.
4. A symphony.
5. Light music of the first class, done by the B B C's own orchestra, and not commercially. There is a vast field of entertaining music to draw upon.
6. A talk by a great national figure; many would gladly avail themselves of so great an opportunity.
7. A 20 or 30 minute review of the events of the week, by a first-class man.
8. A great singer, British or foreign.
9. A violin or cello recital.
10. A first-class relay of music from a foreign country.

The items would thus range from grave to gay, and their distinguishing feature would be *quality*; nothing but the best.

Thus Masterpiece Sunday would come to be the best day of the week for the listener. The Children's Hour has been improved out of all knowledge; why not be equally good to Sunday?

Competition Result

In Competition Number 57 the two best paintings, allowance being made for age, were sent in by Frank T. Fox, 44 Riseley Road, Hartshill, Stoke-on-Trent; and Diana Medworth, 75 Park Avenue, Hull.

The 25 prizes of half-a-crown were awarded to the following:

Kathleen Barber, Faversham; James Clarkson, Cheltenham; Frances E. Fleming, Edinburgh; Margaret Forbes, Crawley Down; Margaret Granger, Leyburn; Roy Hinton, Birmingham; Ursula J. Humphreys, Writtle; Cynthia Ireland, Birmingham; Russell Johnson, Rotherham; Joan M. Kay, Liverpool; Jose Kelly, Doncaster; Pamela Lewis, Raglan; Catriona Macpherson, Worcester; Jean Marlow, Snibston; Christine O'Meara, Swansea; Owen R. Owen, Beckenham; David Pearson, Ashted; Allan Perry, Cradley Heath; Peter Points, Taunton; Edward Pretty, Harleston; Alan Thomas, London, S E 12; Maurice Watson, Ashford; Charles Webster, Habrough; James E. White, Charfield; Gladys Wise, London, N W 5.

Those prizewinners whose names are marked with an asterisk have obtained new readers and are awarded half-a-crown in addition to the prize.

The World's Favourite

We remember a little reader of the C N (our greeting to him!) who went home from the cinema one day in tears, explaining that, thinking the programme over, he had made for the door, only to discover, on looking back, that "Mickey Mouse was just beginning," and he had been too shy to return to his seat.

It seems that he has famous support for his choice of film favourites, for President Roosevelt, who cannot comfortably attend theatres or cinemas as he is crippled, has films shown at White House, and always has at least one Mickey Mouse film in his evening's entertainment.

Sparrows were heard chirping behind the screen in a Southend cinema during the showing of a film not long ago.

SECRETS OF THE FIDDLE

Modern Rivals of the Stradivarius

During the past year some of the clever measuring devices that have been used in improving the reproduction of music in wireless and talking pictures have been directed on an old problem, that of discovering the secret of the Stradivarius violin.

Some of the world's greatest scientists have tried in vain to learn the secret of the exquisite tones of violins made by the old Italian instrument makers. The secret has been there all the time, of course, but means of revealing it has been wanting, until the new science of sound engineering came to the rescue.

Electric recording instruments that can analyse the quality of a sound and sort out the complicated mixture of fundamental tones and overtones which are responsible for its peculiar character are so intensely sensitive that their response until recently has been too small to be of much value. But the science of amplifying very tiny electric currents, which has helped so much in the development of television, wireless, and the cinematograph, has made it possible to reveal differences in sound quality which even a year ago were too delicate to analyse.

Quite recent work has at last shown wherein the secret of the quality of tone produced by a Stradivarius violin lies. As a result of these studies, a Danish engineer, Mr Paul Jarnack, has been able to produce instruments which have a quality very similar to those of the Italian violins made two centuries ago. Not only do the electric recording instruments prove this, but expert musicians have agreed that their findings are correct.

LIGHTING UP THE CITY HALL

C N Idea Spreading

It was the C N that introduced the idea of lighting up a public building by putting a coin in a slot.

The C N installed the first slot machine for this purpose in the old Saxon church of Earls Barton in Northants, and we understand that arrangements are being made for a second slot machine to be introduced in another country church.

It is now announced that the city hall at Breslau in Germany can be floodlit at will by anyone putting a two-shilling piece in a slot machine.

Make the Road Safe

SOME THINGS THAT SHOULD BE DONE

THE toll of road accidents grows, but it is something of a consolation to find a trend towards fixing responsibility for accidents, and penalising those responsible.

As already reported in the C N, one association has urged the confiscation of a drunken driver's car as well as of his driving licence. The Chairman of an insurance company has pointed out that legislation is concerned more with securing compensation for the injured than with taking steps to prevent accidents by improving the standard of safety on the roads. Insurance rates will have to be raised, he says, if this standard is not raised.

The Road Improvement Association at its annual meeting this year advocated penalising the Road Authority whenever it is proved that an unsafe road is the cause of the accident. If the victims were compensated out of the Road Fund, Mr Rees Jeffreys declared, skidding surfaces would quickly be remedied, blind corners opened up, dangerous narrow roads widened, and roads generally be made safe. At present the Road Authorities are under no compulsion to make roads safe and suffer no penalties if they do not do so. *If they were made responsible the accident rate would be halved in ten years.*

That is the opinion of this Association. In its annual report the association declares that actually less money is being spent on new construction and major

road improvements this year than in previous years, in spite of the fact that the Ministry of Transport has been in charge of 4500 miles of our trunk roads since April last year. Three years of the Five Year Programme promised in 1935 have elapsed but nothing substantial has materialised, whereas twice as much ought to be spent if roads are to be made safe and adequate for present needs.

The most urgent need today, declares the Road Improvement Association, is the construction of bypasses and alternative routes for traffic on through journeys, in order to avoid the congestion of busy central areas in towns which are already fully occupied with local traffic.

The association urges that where dual carriageways are made in busy areas each track should be 30 feet wide and not 20 as now. This would mean more safety and double volume of traffic. The width of single roads, too, should be 40 feet with white lines marked ten feet from the kerb within which no vehicle going in the opposite direction may trespass. There would then be 20 feet for overtaking vehicles and the danger from cutting-in would be obviated.

The Report recommends that roads should be classified into two groups for lighting purposes, the lighting on traffic routes being strong enough to render the use of headlights unnecessary. Light-coloured materials are also urged for the surfaces of all roads.

LANDMARKS OF BETTER DAYS

The Public Conscience at Work

The growth of social consciousness in our days is a very remarkable thing.

A public conscience is at work revealing itself in a thousand attempts to mitigate poverty and make comfort widespread. The effect of these efforts is visible to all who are old enough to remember the conditions of 30 years ago.

The audience at a popular cinema in 1938 shows us people far better dressed than could have been assembled at any popular gathering in the same town a generation ago. The factory girl of today is better dressed in the evening now than her mother could afford to be in her Sunday clothes. The disappearance of Sunday clothes is, in fact, a landmark in the social advance.

As society advances, it becomes more and more ashamed of the evils that remain. Parliament has had a remarkable debate on wages, in which it was pointed out that still wages are often not big enough to provide proper food for the children of the wage earner, and pleas were made for the system, now well established in some places abroad, of family allowances. By this, a basic wage rate is paid to a single man, with additions for the family in the case of a married man.

Cheaper Milk Needed

The milk question also arouses the public conscience. Too many of our people cannot afford fresh milk, and have to be content with the tinned variety. The St Pancras House Improvement Society (a most admirable movement well worthy of C N support) reports that only about three-quarters of their 600 tenants can buy half a pint of fresh milk a day; to such people fresh milk is a luxury.

As our readers know, cheap rations of milk in schools have become a happy commonplace; such a thing would have been thought impossible in the old days.

And surely much could be done to cheapen the cost of milk distribution, which means cheapening milk? There is too big a margin between the wholesale and retail price.

Pharaoh's Pedlars

Tourists to Egypt have often complained of the great number of street hawkers.

Egypt's minister of the interior is now counting them. In Cairo alone there are 40,000 wandering street-sellers, scarcely any of them with school certificates, and they are to be reduced in number.

The Jerry-Built Walls of England

AN influential deputation has urged on our Home Secretary the need to protect our coastline against enemies of our own household, the speculative builders who are lining the shore with unpleasant bungalows.

The bungalow can be an attractive building, but it is rarely little more than a mean hut on the hire-purchase system.

But it is not a question of the type of building when we consider the coast. There is a very strong case (we think an unanswerable case) for putting a ban on the building-up of the British coastline.

At present our lovely coast is being built up. If the process is allowed to continue England will be ringed with huts and camps. This is more than a building question, for such building prevents the proper use and enjoyment of the seashore. The public is being increasingly barred from access to the sea, from the use of walks on cliffs,

from delightful paths giving access to noble headlands and inviting coves, and from view-points of the most precious character.

It is actually a matter of defending England against a form of private ownership which is inconsistent with public right. If one thing above all others is the common property of our people, it is the shore which our sailors have so long defended and Nature has given us as a most precious heritage.

The matter assumes a fresh importance with the spread of holidays with pay. The number of visitors to the seaside for a precious yearly holiday will soon multiply ten-fold. To meet their calls for accommodation, we shall see a rush of speculators intent on turning the coastline into a ribbon of ramshackle buildings, shops, and stalls. Legislation on the subject should be immediate and very drastic.



Famous People Who Have Lived or Died on Tower Hill

We give this gallery of pictures of historic figures associated down the Ages with the Tower of London and its neighbourhood from the literature of the Tower Hill Improvement Scheme, which is bringing about one of the wonderful transformation scenes now taking place in London, in which drab and commonplace scenes are slowly changing into lovely spaces

CLUSTER OF 100,000 SUNS

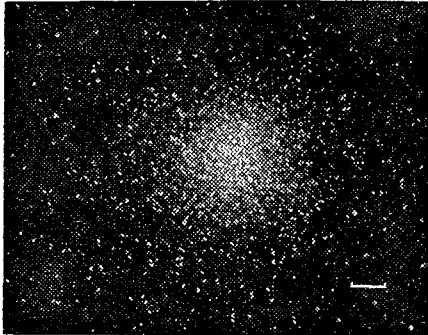
How Their Radiant Energy Reaches Us

By the C.N. Astronomer

In our survey of the constellation of Hercules we have so far considered only the nearer of its stellar glories.

We will now travel, in thought, to a region over a thousand times farther than the nearest of these, a region where over 100,000 suns bespangle the heavens in a globular mass of varied colours, and appearing, when seen through a powerful telescope, to pulsate with life and energy. So it actually does. Energy from that colossal mass of whirling suns, many of them much larger than our own Sun, is being poured out on every side of this lonely but vast congregation of stellar marvels.

Apparently this energy is being wasted and the staggering power from



The globular star-cluster Messier 13. The white line shows approximately 10 light-years' distance, or about 633,000 times the distance of the Sun from the Earth.

this fiery source being expended to no purpose. But is it? Let us see.

Very, very far away from this superb scene, at a distance so far that the light and energy from its myriads of suns would take about 35,000 years to reach it, is a tiny world, a world over a million times smaller than the smallest of those suns which we can see; but some of this radiant energy reaches this tiny world and is continually doing so, pouring down on it by night and by day.

This tiny world is our Earth and on it are eyes that receive a small portion of the radiant energy from that superb assemblage of suns. The eyes are ours and we may all, by gazing up on any clear and dark night, see the source of it by looking through those far depths of space which were marked M 13 on the star-map in the C.N. for July 16. The unaided eye will see a very faint spot of light resembling a small and hazy-looking star but, observed through field glasses or a small telescope, this will appear as a tiny ball of misty light.

Marvels of Messier 13

This is the light from that great concourse of suns and worlds that has reached us after 35,000 years. Knowing what it represents fills our minds with amazement and must add to our conception of the glory of our superb Universe, raise our ideals, and set us thinking for what grand purpose must all this exist. The fact that we are able at this enormous distance to form a true mental picture of such a vast scene, build ideals upon it, and conceive that it has a purpose proves conclusively that *something more* exists than the mere senseless fury of the fiery atoms composing that vast concourse of suns. The *something more* is, of course, the Mind, and who can limit the existence of Mind to this little Earth?

What a picture is presented to us! The centre all aglow with thousands of suns all sparkling and apparently so close together that they shine as one. Around are a multitude shining individually in their varied colours and magnitudes while the outlying members stream away in vast curves as if flung there in the course of ages by the colossal forces which impel each one of the whole

SWALLOWS

The swallows are with us again. We see them skimming through the evening sunshine, and we hear them, as Thomas Gray heard them, twittering about our houses.

Wonderful little creatures they are, each with chestnut forehead and throat, steel-blue upper plumage and white waistcoat. Made for speed, they have been known to travel at over 140 miles an hour, or twice as fast as a fast car. They are found everywhere in Europe and over wide areas of Asia, and when they leave the northern hemisphere they wing their trackless way as far south as Africa, India, and Burma, even to the Malay Peninsula.

A Very Old Saying

There is little wonder that the vagabond swallows, as Tennyson calls them, have always been favourites. Their coming and going have been observed from the earliest times, and our familiar saying that one swallow does not make a summer is older than most of us imagine, for it was known in the days of Aristotle, who saw the swallows 2000 years ago. It is thrilling to think that there can hardly have been a year in all these centuries in which this saying has not been repeated.

In Bible lands the Psalmist noticed them much as we may do any day this summer. He must have been struck by the curious nests they make, for we read: Yea, the sparrow hath found a house, and the swallow a nest for herself where she may lay her young, even thine altars, O Lord of hosts.

A Legend of St Francis

About few birds have more stories been told. Till comparatively recent times there was a popular notion that swallows buried themselves in the ground or in ponds during winter, and an old writer describes how bunches of hibernating swallows were often found, all looking dead till the fresh air revived them and they were ready to fly away. The idea seems absurd to us today, but it is not so long since it was commonly accepted.

To the Romans the swallow was a sacred bird. It was thought to be under the special care of the household gods, and to injure it in any way was taken to be a sure sign of misfortune.

There is, of course, the legend of St Francis and the swallows. It tells how St Francis was preaching in the open air when flocks of swallows screamed overhead so loudly that he could not make his voice heard. Thereupon he looked up at the swallows and asked them, his little brothers, to be still till he had finished, and immediately all the swallows settled on the roofs and remained quiet and still.

Continued from the previous column

cluster along its appointed path and at speeds many times faster than a shot leaves a gun. Yet all travel in perfect harmony and apparent security. For one thing the distances between each sun are far greater than appears to the eye as can be seen from the small scale of light-years drawn on the photograph, which gives an idea of the marvellous globular structure of the cluster. So although towards its centre there must be at least 100 suns in a similar cube of space to that which contains only one Sun in our region of the Universe, yet so perfectly are their paths aligned that each one has pursued its course for many hundreds of millions of years, and apparently will continue to do so for long ages to come. Indeed, it is impossible to foresee the end. G. F. M.

MAIZE

A Food With Many Names

New experiments in growing maize are going on widely in England.

Columbus found maize in cultivation by the natives of America, and thus it became known to Europeans. It has spread from South to North America, from the United States to Canada, and has been cropped 200 miles north of Winnipeg. In 1562 it was brought to England as Indian Corn.

Maize goes by many other names, such as mealies, Turkey wheat, and Guinea wheat. It is made into a sweet bread in America, and its green cobs are a favourite vegetable. It is sold as cornflour when finely milled, and is second only to rice in the number of the world's people who make it their bread.

Experiments at Rothamsted are reported by Mr W. Southworth, for the Ministry of Agriculture. It seems that in a sunny situation the crop will succeed on a wide variety of soils. For use as a vegetable the ears should be gathered when grains are in the milk-ripe stage and when the husk that encloses the ear is quite green. If the grains are fairly plump, and if on slight pressure a milky fluid escapes, the ear may be considered fit for cooking.

For seed purposes the ears are not harvested until the grains are hard and dead ripe.

See World Map

More Milk

The L.C.C. is arranging milk distribution depots for children in 50 of its parks and open spaces during the summer holidays.

This is an extension of the successful scheme of last year. The charge for a glass of milk (a third of a pint) is a halfpenny.

Not many years ago such a plan would have been thought out of the question. There is no doubt about it, we are getting on!

The Minister of Agriculture has stated in Parliament that no less than 23,000,000 gallons of milk were consumed in the year ended September last under the milk-in-schools scheme, which has now been extended temporarily pending the introduction of a measure to include milk for mothers and for young children under school age. No fewer than 2,750,000 children are now obtaining school milk, and new legislation is promised for the autumn.

25 YEARS AGO

From the C.N. of July 1913

The Discovery of Chloroform. One of the most helpful discoveries ever made by men of science was that chloroform will send anyone into such a deep sleep that the surgeon can operate upon the body without pain. The doctor with whose name the discovery of this power of chloroform is always associated was Sir James Young Simpson; but it is now said that the suggestion to use chloroform was made to Dr Simpson by Dr Waldie of Linlithgow, who was accidentally assisted by an inquisitive dog, a pet spaniel, belonging to his neighbour.

Dr Waldie was experimenting with chloroform and giving his results to Professor Simpson. One night when the neighbour was leaving the doctor's house he said:

"I think my dog came with me."

"Yes," said the doctor, "and there he is"—pointing to the dog lying stiff, and apparently dead, under the table.

"He is dead!" exclaimed the neighbour.

"No," said the doctor, examining him; "his heart beats quite strongly. He has been smelling that saucer I put there for a mouse. He is quite insensible. If you cut him to pieces he would not feel it. He will come to himself in about an hour." And so it proved.

TEN WONDERFUL DAYS

Our Students in Geneva

On the last Saturday of this month begin the ten wonderful days of the tenth Summer School in Geneva for English boys and girls interested to see for themselves how the League of Nations works.

This year 300 are going, representing 75 schools. The heavy programme of lectures, discussions, and visits to the Old Assembly Hall, the new Palace of Nations, and the International Labour Office carries the cheering promise that lectures and commission meetings will be held out of doors in wooded gardens or by the lakeside if the weather is fine.

The programme also includes such items as: Afternoon free for exploring Geneva; swimming in the lake; picnic lunch by the lake; Saturday free for a whole day excursion by lake steamer to the Chateau de Chillon. But the serious side of the Summer School promises to be equally absorbing. That genuine problems will be attacked in a vigorous, open-minded way we may guess from such titles as, What Became of the Versailles Treaty? Can War Be Prevented? Political Theories in 1938 by a Frenchman, German, American, and Russian; Organised Action for Peace.

Simple Living

In order to keep the costs as reasonable as possible, living arrangements combine simplicity with modest comfort. Part of the Summer School makes its home in a spacious College, others camp in the nine-acre park of the College, while the younger members put up at the International Hostel. The Wardens in charge of this group are Miss Cattley, Headmistress of Perse School for Girls, and Mr. Jarman, Lecturer in Education, Bristol University.

The Wardens for the older group are Mr. Gaunt, Headmaster of Malvern, and Miss Baker, Headmistress of Badminton. All the Wardens are experienced, and Miss Baker has been to Geneva every year since Junior Summer Schools began. Without the additional holiday, the fees, including return fare from London, come to something like £8.

The Colorado Beetle

The Channel Islanders are in a state of great agitation over the nearness of the dreaded Colorado beetle.

This beetle settled near Bordeaux in France 18 years ago and ever since has been moving slowly northwards, eating potato crops, until now it has reached St Malo in Brittany. Only a few weeks ago a huge swarm would have reached Jersey but for the direction of the wind; the beetles were washed up dead on the French coast, instead of arriving alive in Jersey.

If, as is feared, the pest should reach the Channel Islands the loss to the agricultural community would be incalculable. Every effort is being made to enlist the help of farmers and amateur gardeners against this threatened invasion, which may be brought in, unawares by shipping or by the wind.

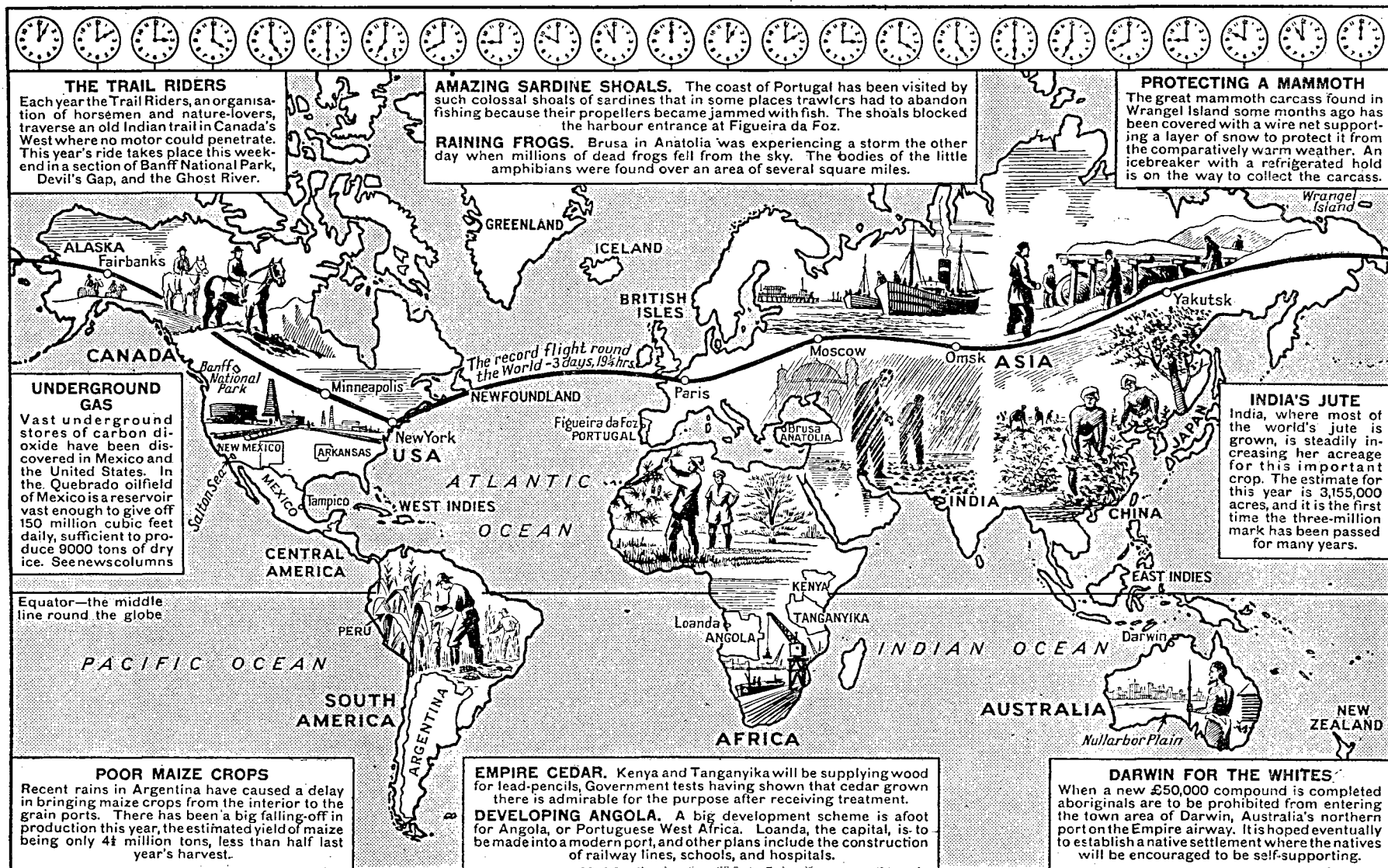
The Lion's Share

The United States Government has recently made a statistical survey of that country's agriculture, commerce, and services.

Dealing with incomes for 1929 to 1935, it shows that the employees of the manufacturing industry of the entire country receive an average of 84 per cent of each dollar of income produced and paid out by the manufacturers. The balance goes to the employers, bondholders, stockholders, and the bankers.

It would surely be interesting to know what the statistics for the same three activities in England would disclose?

CN Picture-News and Time Map of the World



DRY ICE FOR THE MILLION Another Natural Gas

Carbon Dioxide is a gas everyone has heard of since school days.

In a few years everyone may be indebted to it, for it is becoming the new gas of commerce, employed for freezing, as dry ice, which is otherwise the frozen gas, or carbon dioxide snow.

Recent discoveries have shown that there are vast natural stores of it in the earth which can be tapped, and which not only will supply as much gas as may be wanted but sometimes produce it frozen.

The storage reservoirs were first found while drilling for oil. In the Tampico Oilfield of Mexico, which has lately been so much in the news, it was first found in what is called a salt-water gusher. There it existed under such high pressure (of as much as 1000 pounds to the square inch) that when released it cooled so much by expansion that part of it solidified into dry ice.

This gave the first hint of how the stores of carbon dioxide in the depths of the earth might be utilised. The stores are very large. In the Quebrado field there is a reservoir vast enough to give out 150 million cubic feet a day, and produce 9000 tons of dry ice. Arkansas has a well a third of a mile deep giving 26 million cubic feet, and New Mexico one of 50 million cubic feet.

It was thought at first that these astonishing riches of natural gas were too far away from busy centres to be valuable. But with the increasing employment of dry ice for all kinds of industrial and commercial purposes new ways of transporting it have been found, notably the refrigerating car, which is now widely used in Great Britain.

In the future we may buy dry ice more cheaply than the household refrigerator can make it. See World Map

A Six-Ton Marble

Imagine a big stone marble weighing six tons!

That is what the boulder recently carted from Moeraki beach to Dunedin Museum in New Zealand looks like. It is completely spherical in shape.

On the beach at Moeraki, 54 miles north of Dunedin, are many such boulders lying imbedded in the sand. How they got there and why they should be so round nobody knows, although scientists are sure they have been lying there for thousands of years.

The Maoris, who have a romantic way of explaining everything, have a legend that the boulders are merely petrified gourds used for holding water which were washed ashore when a canoe of the ancient Maoris was wrecked on the coast.

To lift the 6-ton boulder on to a motor-lorry it was necessary to erect sheer-legs over the stone. It was lowered on to a bed of sacks filled with sawdust, and taken by road to the museum at Dunedin.

One of the peculiar features of the Moeraki boulders is that they appear to be sectional in nature, the sections being joined by a form of cement. In some cases this cement is giving way before the action of sea and weather, causing the boulders to break up. That is why one big pebble on the beach has been taken to the museum for safe keeping.

The Mystery Drive

There is a touch of irony in a story now being told with a chuckle in Blackpool.

It is of two girls who work at Port Sunlight, and were on holiday at the famous Lancashire seaside town. Booking their seats for a motor coach mystery drive, they set out in high glee and great expectations. No one had any idea where the coach was going till it was a few miles on the way, but when the secret came out the two girls found to their dismay that they were on their way to Port Sunlight.

Escape of a Pigeon

This story has been sent to us by a CN reader in Glasgow.

Among a number of pigeons sent to Bournemouth was a beautiful golden-brown bird. Unfortunately a storm came up and they did not return. The owner had nearly given up hope of seeing his birds again when he received good news from a fisherman.

It happened that this man had been out one day in his boat in the middle of St George's Channel when he heard the screaming of gulls overhead, and on looking up to see what it was all about he saw that they were attacking a smaller bird. Even as he watched them their victim escaped and fell at his feet on the deck. It was a golden-brown homing pigeon, so badly hurt that at first the fisherman was afraid he would have to put it out of its pain. On looking at it again he saw that it might live, so he dressed its wounds and wrapped it up and took it home. There the pigeon recovered, and as it was ringed the fisherman was able to return it to its grateful owner.

The Electric Upper Air

A new assault is being planned on the electrified blankets of the upper air, which reflect the waves of wireless and enable them to travel round the globe.

These blankets (or layers) are situated at varying heights up to 300 miles, and continually move up or down according to the action of electric particles arriving from the sun, or of other undiscovered causes.

Harvard University is establishing a station to observe them four times a day, and calculate their distance and effect. With the aid of the Carnegie Trustees and other bodies, other observing stations are working in Peru, Australia, and Alaska, and in a short time thirty such observatories will take observations all over the world.

CAPTIVES OF THE PLAIN

Missionaries Stranded

Four Western Australian missionaries had a most unpleasant experience not very long ago, an experience which might have proved fatal if the party had not been equipped with wireless.

The party consisted of Mr Wade (superintendent of the Warburton Mission), Mr Brinkworth, and Mr. and Mrs Matthews with their two children, and they were travelling to take up a new post at the Ooldea Mission, near the old tent from which Mrs Daisy Bates, C.B.E., has sent so many letters to the C.N. Ooldea is on the East-West railway just on the edge of the Nullarbor Plain in South Australia.

The party set off from Warburton in a truck equipped with a portable transmitter, and had gone 130 miles over desolate country when the rear axle of their truck broke. They would have been in a terrible position indeed if they had not been able to make contact with civilisation through their wireless set, as the country they were travelling had no roads, very little water, and no other means of communication. It happened that their S O S message was picked up by the operator of the Australian aerial medical services, who was able to establish a three-way communication through the Warburton Mission.

The stranded party was advised that a new rear axle would be sent out by a relief truck, but it was not expected that it would arrive under a fortnight. Fortunately the missionaries had plenty of food with them, and luckily they found water two miles away. Rain had fallen two days before, but before that the hole had been dry for five months. They had no bread, but were able to make damper, a kind of unleavened bread of flour and water.

CHATTAMAMA

By
W. H. Morris

CHAPTER 1 The Raid

It was about an hour before sundown when thirty or forty baboons gathered in a cave in a kopje not far from Piet van Koof's farm. Dog-headed, with close-set eyes, the big apes squatted around their leader, and listened to his low, gibbering talk, for the cave was a meeting place where the baboons came when they made plans for raiding a veldt farmstead.

Chattamama was a giant among his kind. His head was set almost without neck upon his massive shoulders, and when he gibbered he showed his big yellow incisors and four huge dog-teeth, with one crunch of which he could have broken a man's neck. His feet were like hands, so that he could pull four ways at once.

But it was less on account of his strength than because of his cunning that Chattamama was leader of the baboons. When he was young he had been caught by Van Koof, and kept in captivity for several years. During that time Chattamama had become wise in the ways of man-beasts, and since his escape his wisdom had often saved the baboons when the veldt farmers hunted them with guns and dogs.

Now, with many a grimace, he told the tribe of his plans for raiding Van Koof's mealie fields. There were other farms they might have pillaged, but the old baboon always led them to Van Koof's fields, as though he remembered the wretched years of his captivity and was taking his revenge.

Chattamama always sent scouts ahead, and three baboons went swinging down the steep slopes of the kopje just as the last glow of sunset was fading behind the mountains. Chattamama sat and waited patiently at the mouth of the cave.

Twilight turned to darkness, and the bats came flitting about the mouth of the cave. A blotchy orange-coloured moon pushed its rim up over the horizon, and somewhere in the distance a lion roared. Soon afterwards the cry of the scouts floated up the hillside, and Chattamama waited no longer. Leaving the cave he ran swiftly on all-fours like a big, ungainly dog.

When they reached the foot of the kopje the baboons advanced cautiously, though they were still a good distance from Van Koof's farm. Presently they reached the mealie fields, where they proceeded to gorge themselves on the ripe grain.

While they feasted at Van Koof's expense an old Kaffir boy was beating upon the door of the Boer's farmhouse, which was built of mud and thatched with reeds.

"Baas! Baas!" he cried. "The Ghost People have come from the Amatonga Mountain." For, in common with most of the superstitious natives whom Van Koof employed, Old Zweete believed that the baboons were the ghosts of the dead.

Piet van Koof was a short, squat man, with a yellow sun-dried face and little pig eyes deepset beneath shaggy, tufted brows. When he heard that the baboons were raiding his mealies again he roared like an angry bull. Then he hurried into his clothes, seized a rifle, and went off at a run.

Already the baboons had deserted the mealies and were making for the kopje, running swiftly on all-fours, with the old males spread out in two columns to protect the females and the young. Before Van Koof had a chance to use his gun most of them had reached the foot of the kopje, and vanished among the big rocks and boulders with which the hillside was scattered. But one half-grown youngster had wandered away from his companions, and he was far behind and whimpering with terror as he tried to overtake the main body.

Van Koof's little pig eyes twinkled with ferocious delight, and he flung up his rifle and fired. The young baboon uttered an almost human scream, and rolled over, shot through the body. Then it tried to run again; but, after a few tottering steps, it collapsed and lay screaming with pain and terror.

Chattamama heard the youngster's panic-stricken outcry, and he halted and looked back. The whites of his eyes flickered for a moment, and he uttered a deep, guttural bark. Then he turned deliberately and went back to help the wounded baboon, though none knew better than he how deadly are the shining sticks with which a man-beast can slay from a distance.

The Boer could hardly believe his eyes when he saw that Chattamama was returning. Then he uttered a delighted "Himmel!" and jammed a fresh cartridge into his gun.

Chattamama continued to advance until he was between Van Koof and the wounded baboon, who had started crawling towards

the kopje. Then he stopped to beat the earth with his hands, while the naked patches on his cheeks took on a deeper purple hue, for Chattamama was very angry.

Piet van Koof felt a momentary qualm of fear as he saw the hate that blazed in the old baboon's eyes. He halted, and at the same moment Chattamama uttered a short, sharp, barking cry and ran towards him. The Boer lost his nerve when he saw his old enemy coming for him, and fired hastily.

Chattamama leapt into the air and crashed to the ground, where his shaggy body sprawled grotesquely in the hard moonlight. Van Koof gave a guttural "Hoch!" of delight, and slipped yet another cartridge into his gun. But, being thrifty to the point of meanness, he begrudged another bullet unless it was absolutely necessary. He walked slowly towards the old baboon, rifle ready for use if Chattamama showed any signs of attack. But Chattamama lay motionless where he had fallen, and the Boer chuckled into his ragged beard as he stood looking down upon his old enemy.

"Ach!" he grunted. "This is the last time you eat my mealies."

He began to laugh again; but broke off suddenly as he heard the faint roar of a powerful engine in the sky.

"It must be the diamond plane," he thought; and was still searching for the vessel when the steady drone of the engine broke into a stuttering roar and faded into silence.

Piet van Koof scratched his bristly beard, and was wondering why the engine had been silenced so abruptly when a red glow appeared in the sky. It grew swiftly bigger and brighter, till the glow seemed to fill the heavens and shed a lurid light on the veldt.

"Himmel!" the Boer exclaimed in a startled voice, and stared open-mouthed with wonder as a cabined monoplane streaked earthward, a long plume of flame and smoke streaming behind it like the tail of a meteor.

CHAPTER 2 The Diamond Plaffe

SEVERAL hundred miles to the north of Van Koof's farm were the Grootburg diamond fields. Once a week a plane flew from Grootburg to the Cape carrying a small

fortune in uncut diamonds, and it was this vessel which had attracted the Boer's attention.

The pilot was a broad-shouldered young Afrikaner named Jack Farrell, and when Piet van Koof first heard the droning of his engine Jack was lounging at his ease, one hand resting lightly on his joystick, while his feet made occasional slight adjustments with the rudder bar.

Suddenly, however, the engine faltered and broke into a stuttering cough. Jack worked at his throttle, but the engine only spluttered and then became silent.

Jack Farrell frowned anxiously. A forced landing by night upon the veldt might easily result in a fatal crash. He put the vessel into a steep glide and tried the throttle once more. This time the engine fired once, then jet-black smoke and flames burst from the hooded nose and swirled backwards along the fuselage.

Jack's heart seemed to miss a beat, for he guessed now what had happened. A broken feed-line was spraying back petrol, and this had taken fire. He knew there was no chance of saving the plane: the best he could hope to do was to land before the flames reached the fuel tank and exploded it. So he throttled his now useless engine, and the doomed vessel went streaking down towards the veldt, with the wind screaming through wires and struts, and the roar of the flames taking on a deeper and more threatening note every moment.

Jack soon realised, however, that there was no time to land the vessel and escape alive. Already some of the wood struts were blazing, and, worse still, long fingers of flame were reaching for the fuel tank. If that exploded nothing could save him. Better, therefore, to use his parachute while there was time.

So, having tested the straps of his parachute and made certain everything was in order, the young pilot turned his attention to the black steel box which contained the diamonds. Unbuckling one of the straps which fastened the parachute harness to his body, Jack slipped it through the handles of the box. Then he buckled it tight again, after which he opened the door of the little streamlined cabin. For a second he hesitated, then, clasping the steel box against his body and holding the ripcord ring with his other hand, he flung himself out.

As he plunged earthward Jack Farrell experienced a sickening sensation in the pit

of his stomach, but this feeling of nausea quickly passed. The wind was screaming past his ears and he opened his mouth wide to swallow, and so relieve the increased pressure on his ear drums, just as he had learned to do when making a power-dive. Also he counted the regulation ten before jerking the ripcord, so as to give the shroud lines of the parachute time to clear.

Then he pulled the iron ring, and a great dome of white silk billowed open above him and checked his descent with a suddenness that almost seemed to snap his spine. After that Jack found himself floating calmly down to earth, and, as he stared about him, he saw his plane go streaking earthward wrapped in a winding-sheet of flame and smoke. Suddenly the petrol tank exploded with a thunderous roar; and all that remained of the vessel was a mass of blazing junk dropping swiftly down toward the earth.

And then Jack became aware of another sound—an ominous tearing and rending. Looking up he saw that a vent had appeared in the oiled silk of the parachute and was growing steadily bigger. The weight of the steel box added to his own weight was too much for the parachute, and a seam was splitting open.

Jack watched anxiously and wondered if the parachute would last long enough for him to make a landing. A second rent appeared and he fell faster and faster. Jack was tempted to get rid of the steel box, but there was no time for that. As he looked down he saw the earth come rushing up to meet him, and instinctively he doubled up his legs to help to break the shock of landing.

In spite of that he struck the earth with a terrific jolt and, pitching forward, hit his head on a stone and knocked himself silly.

He was still unconscious when Piet van Koof found him, and at first the farmer thought he was dead. Then he realised that the airman was still breathing, and he was about to hoist him over his shoulder and carry him to the farmhouse when his eyes fell upon the black steel box.

"Himmel! The diamonds," he muttered excitedly, and stood staring for a moment or two, all else forgotten.

Van Koof knew there must be a fortune in the box, and the temptation proved too much for him. He made up his mind to take the stones. But where should he hide the box?

"Ja! Ja! I will carry the box to the kopje and hide it there among the boulders," he muttered.

Swiftly he unstrapped the buckles that fastened the box to the parachute harness. Then, tucking it under his arm, he set off at a shambling trot, eager to get the diamonds safely hidden away before the pilot recovered, or any of his Kaffir boys discovered what he was doing.

Piet van Koof was breathing hard as he neared the foot of the kopje, and he was too excited to think of anything but discovering a safe hiding-place for the steel box. When, therefore, a shaggy form leapt snarling upon him from behind a boulder the Boer was taken unawares and, before he quite realised his danger, he was sprawling on the ground, with Chattamama snarling and gibbering on top of him.

The old baboon had only been wounded by Van Koof's shot, and had recovered sufficiently to drag himself to the foot of the kopje. There, as he rested among the boulders, he had seen the hated man-beast approaching and had bided his time until Van Koof was near enough for him to leap out upon the man.

Now he gave the Boer a severe mauling, and when at length Chattamama went limping up the steep slopes of the kopje Van Koof lay in a huddled heap, his clothes ribboned by the great ape's nails and teeth and his face and body bleeding from wounds.

There is little more to tell. Jack Farrell was not seriously hurt, and when he recovered he found that some Kaffirs had carried him to Van Koof's house. Soon after Old Zweete came trotting up, carrying the steel box under his arm. He had seen Chattamama attack his baas, as Van Koof climbed the kopje, and had run to help him, though he had arrived too late.

Jack took the box from him and, after resting until daybreak, he borrowed the farmer's horse and set off to ride to the nearest town. In due course he got the diamonds to their destination.

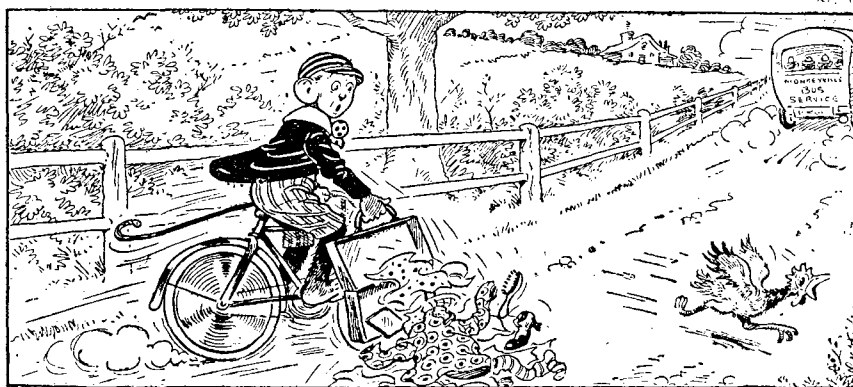
Piet van Koof hovered between life and death for several weeks before he began to mend, and though Jack had more than a suspicion that the Boer had tried to steal the diamonds he made no charge against him. As for Chattamama, he recovered from his wound, which was not severe, and lived for many a year more to rule the baboons of the Amatonga Mountain.

JACKO HAS A FINE CHASE

MOTHER JACKO was very put out when the authorities put a motor-bus stop in front of their house.

"A nice old racket we shall have now," she grumbled. "Why ever can't they leave us in peace?"

Father Jacko grunted in sympathy, and Adolphus agreed that it was certainly a bit stiff.



The case burst open and out fell the contents

But Jacko was pleased. He found great fun in watching folks catch the bus—and more still when they just missed it!

Before long they were all interested in a lady who caught the early bus on Monday mornings. She always arrived much too soon, popped her little suitcase on the kerbstone, and then walked up and down in sight of it till the bus at last arrived.

"That young woman's like a restless horse," exclaimed Father Jacko one day. "She can't stand still a minute."

"Why, look! She's dumped down two cases this morning!" cried Jacko.

"She's going off for her holiday!"

Just then the bus appeared and the lady jumped on, picking up one suitcase and leaving the other on the pavement.

Jacko promptly darted out and grabbed it, bumping into an elderly dame who shouted something which he didn't wait to hear. Then he fixed the case on to his bicycle and rode hard after the bus.

He had just got within sight of it when the suitcase burst open and plump went the contents on the ground.

"Drat it!" muttered Jacko, jumping off his machine and cramming them in again as fast as he could.

At last he caught up the bus, and proudly hoisted his baggage on to it. "Here! Lady passenger left this behind!" he cried breathlessly.

But to his amazement the lady burst out laughing—and so did everyone else!

"You've made a slight mistake, my lad!" chuckled the conductor. "Lady was only carrying it for an old body who's waiting to catch the next bus!"

IS THAT 'MAKE-UP' ON MILADY'S TEETH?

No—that almost artificial whiteness is probably due to a certain brand of magnesia that turns the dingiest teeth white. It has been found that 'Milk of Magnesia' by its chemistry in the mouth removes the acid stains so many have on their teeth—especially hard smokers.

Get for yourself the dentifrice that contains 'Milk of Magnesia,' and watch your teeth whiten day by day until they are a natural white—and stay that way. Phillips' Dental Magnesia, containing 75% 'Milk of Magnesia,' will do this every time.

Dentists have been advocating this new type of dentifrice to their clients. Not because of its remarkable whitening action, but for its amazing effect on acid mouth. Phillips' Dental Magnesia has been found the most effective neutralizer of the mouth acids which cause cavities, and cause carefully-filled cavities to fall away from the filling. Even tartar does not form when 'Milk of Magnesia' keeps the mouth alkaline; teeth are as clean and smooth as the gumline as on polished surfaces.

Phillips' Dental Magnesia will absolutely correct any acid condition of the mouth. But it's the amazing whitening properties that won such a large portion of the populace to this new type of dentifrice. Women are particularly partial to it, because noticeably white teeth are a beauty asset. The words 'Milk of Magnesia' referred to by the writer of this article constitute the trade mark distinguishing Phillips' preparation of Magnesia as originally prepared by The Charles H. Phillips Chemical Co. To obtain the dentifrice recommended ask for Phillips' Dental Magnesia. Price 6d., 10½d., 1/6 the tube of all chemists and stores.

SEND YOUR MITE FOR OUR MITES!

THE INFANTS HOSPITAL—the first Hospital of its kind to be founded in Europe—was established in 1903 for the treatment of the diseases and disorders of nutrition. There are now 100 cots; accommodation for seven Nursing Mothers; an Out-patient Department; X-Ray; Artificial Sunlight and Massage Departments; a Research Laboratory; a Lecture Theatre; and a Milk Laboratory. The work carried on in the wards is supplemented by the Convalescent Home at Burnham, Bucks, with eighteen cots.

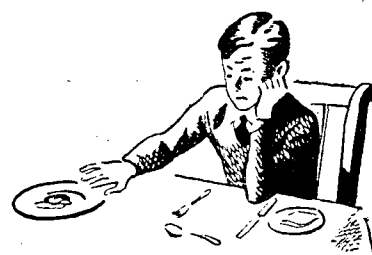
THE HOSPITAL IS ENTIRELY DEPENDENT UPON VOLUNTARY CONTRIBUTIONS FOR ITS MAINTENANCE. FUNDS ARE URGENTLY NEEDED.

President:
H.R.H. THE PRINCESS ROYAL.

Subscriptions will be gratefully received and acknowledged by the Secretary:

THE INFANTS HOSPITAL
Vincent Square, Westminster, S.W.1.

I HAVE taken to Southend the little girl of 9 years old who said she "did not think the country was like this." Her wonder and delight at sight of the sea—even half afraid of it—did my heart good. Even if it was merely the joy of seeing these children's delight it is worth while—but they also need the change so very much. I am only able to do this with your help. I thank you for all you have done in the past and beg you to come to my aid again. 5 for Ten Shillings. Please respond to the REV. PERCY INESON, EAST END MISSION, Central Hall, Bromley Street, Commercial Road, Stepney, E.1.



Billy only liked lean meat.
The golden fat he would not eat.

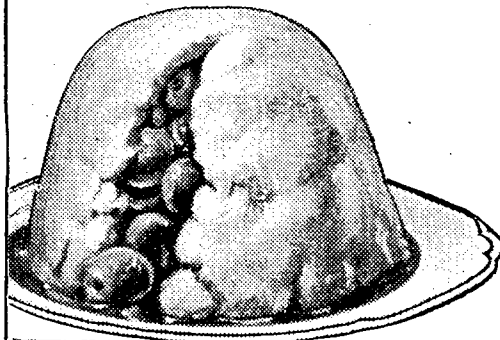


Wise Grandma said: "The way to do it Is pudding with Atora suet!"



Soon Billy grew a bonny lad—
Top of the school and pride of Dad.

"Atora" puddings solve the difficult problem of the children who dislike fat. The doctor will tell you that "Atora" is beef fat in its most digestible form, rich in the vitamins so necessary for youthful development. So don't worry about the children's dislikes, but give them what they *do* like—plenty of delicious puddings made with "Atora" containing all the nourishment they need.



Send a postcard to-day for a post free copy of 100 best pudding, etc., Recipes, to HUGON & Co., Ltd., Manchester, 11.

N.56a

A Beautiful Fairy Tale Comes To Life



A Grand New Card Game founded on the famous WALT DISNEY FILM



All the wistful charm of those delightful characters in the great fairy-tale film is reproduced in FULL COLOURS from the Walt Disney originals in this wonderful new game. It is a game of endless fascination, easy to play with cards that in themselves are a joy to handle. It can be played by two or more players. Each pack contains cards and full book of rules. Make sure of a pack today.

By permission Walt Disney-Mickey Mouse, Ltd.

SNOW WHITE AND THE SEVEN DWARFS

MARIE ELISABETH REALLY ARE SARDINES!
For summer snacks—delicious with green salad.

Hugon's
ATORA
THE GOOD BEEF SUET

The Children's Newspaper will be delivered every week at any house in the world for 11s a year. See below.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

July 30, 1938

Every Thursday 2d

Arthur Mee's Children's Encyclopedia will be delivered anywhere by the Educational Book Co., Tallis Street, E.C.4.

THE BRAN TUB

What Am I?

LIKE blustering Boreas sometimes I appear,
And by my breath you know that I am near;
Like him, I puff and swell and rage amain,
And rise and fall, and swell and puff again.
Sometimes my fury rises to a storm,
And yet I help to keep the ladies warm.

Answer next week

This Week in Nature

THE song of the blackcap ceases. This familiar wild bird gets its name from the patch on the head, which is black in the cock bird and chocolate in the hen. The back is coloured ash-grey and brown, and the throat and breast light grey. The blackcap haunts woods, orchards, and hedgerows.

Ici on Parle Français



La bouilloire La tasse La soucoupe
kettle cup saucer

L'eau bout dans la bouilloire. Préparez les tasses et les soucoupes, et nous prendrons tous le thé.

The kettle is boiling. Set out the cups and saucers and we'll all have tea.

Quizzing Quixote

QUIXOTE QUICKSIGHT quizzed a queerish quidbox;
Did Quixote Quicksight quizz a queerish quidbox?
If Quixote Quicksight quizzed a queerish quidbox,
Where's the queerish quidbox Quixote Quicksight quizzed?

A Motto.

At your work or play, at any time of day,
Don't forget the motto, Safety First.
If you want a lark, save it for the park,
Better keep your motto, Safety First.

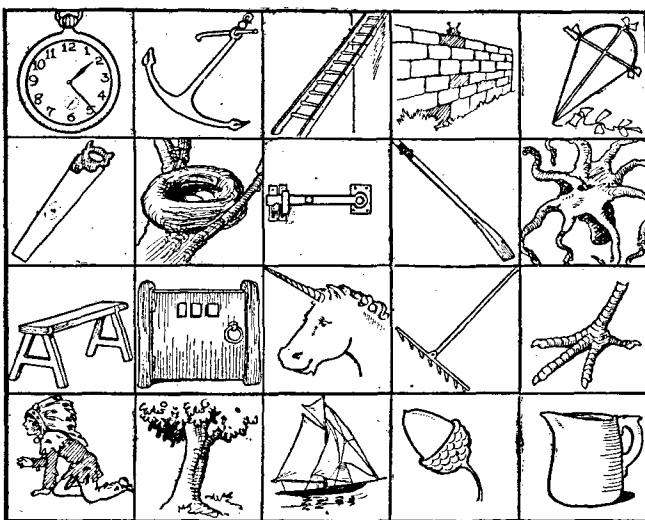
Satisfied

A YORKSHIRE man and a Lancashire man sat down to dinner in a restaurant.

The waiter set two chops before them, and the Yorkshire man took it upon himself to serve them, giving the smaller chop to his friend and taking the larger one for himself.

The Lancashire man did not approve of this, and, after looking hard at the Yorkshire man, he said, "If I'd

Find the Hidden Birds



CAN you identify the objects shown in these pictures? Having done so write the initial letter of each in its square. By taking the letters in adjoining squares and reading up, down, and sideways it will be possible to form the names of eight birds. Can you find them?

Answer next week

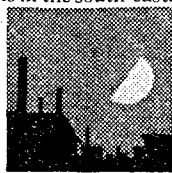
Poser

If a dog barks at a noise, at what will a tree bark?

Other Worlds Next Week

IN the evening Venus is in the west and Jupiter is in the south-east.

In the morning Saturn is in the south-east. The picture shows the moon at nine o'clock on Wednesday evening, August 3.



The Short Word Steps

CAN you make a word-ladder? Take any word of three letters, and then make a further word of three letters, starting with the last letter of the preceding word. Supposing you take the word cat, you proceed in this way:

CAT
TAR
RAM
MAD
DOT

and so on. The same word must not be used twice.

What Happened on Your Birthday July 31. Phoebe Cary died . 1871
August 1. Richard Savage died 1743
2. Thomas Gainsborough died 1788
3. Richard Arkwright died . 1792
4. Battle of Evesham . 1265
5. The Pilgrim Fathers sailed from Southampton . 1620
6. Anne Hathaway died . 1623

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

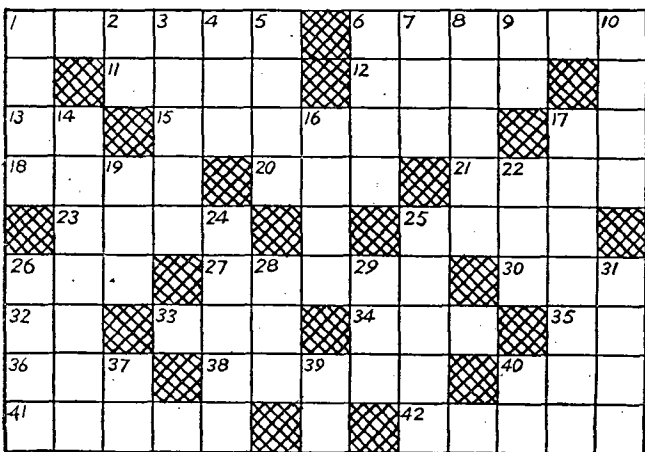
Peter Puck's Fun Fair

The animals are Bear, Ass, Dog, Giraffe, Elephant, Rabbit—Badger. How old am I?—48.
Event in History—Magna Carta signed at Runnymede 1215.

Reading Across. 1. St. George's opponent. 6. To strut about in a showy manner. 11. A tune. 12. Where the sun rises. 13. Able-bodied seaman. 15. Nutrient. 17. Royal Engineers. 18. Bulk. 20. To lick up. 21. Very familiar metal. 23. Gone without trace. 25. The edge of a cup. 26. The sun gives this to holiday-makers. 27. Last letter of the Greek alphabet. 30. To prevent. 32. Indefinite article. 33. To add to. 34. New South Wales. 35. Negative. 36. Frozen water. 38. To come after. 40. Perform. 41. Familiar citrus fruit. 42. Fruits of a palm.

Reading Down. 1. One-sixteenth of an ounce. 2. Automobile Association. 3. Forms Nature's green carpet. 4. This calms troubled waters. 5. Grows on the finger. 6. To look through a crevice. 7. Contended in a race. 8. On the move. 9. New Testament. 10. The first garden. 14. Equilibrium. 16. Ornamental staff borne before magistrates and others. 17. Fiction. 19. A boy. 22. A curved bone springing from the vertebrae. 24. A sign. 25. Founded. 26. This follows most animals. 28. Males. 29. A South African quadruped. 31. Decays. 37. A printer's measure. 39. Thus. 40. Denotes contiguity.

The CN Cross Word Puzzle



Abbreviations are indicated by asterisks.

Answer next week

Tales Before Bedtime

David Finds a Friend

DAVID had lived in a large town all his life. He was delighted when his mother took a tiny cottage in the country for the summer.

It was June when they arrived. There were wild strawberries hiding among the long grass on the downs close to the cottage, and wild bee and butterfly orchids waiting to be picked. David had never seen such lovely things before. Along the top of the downs ran a hazel wood.

"There is only one thing wrong with this place, Mummie," David said one day. "We haven't any neighbours, and I should like someone to play with."

After that David kept his eyes wide open, but though the village children sometimes came up to gather flowers they were shy and just stared with round eyes, and went off whispering when he tried to make friends.

One day he was kneeling by the edge of the wood, stuffing a handful of wild strawberries into his mouth, when a spluttering noise startled him. It came from the wood. David jumped to his feet. What could it be?

Something made him peer under the bushes. Two white legs and a stumpy tail were struggling for all they were worth to get out of a rabbit hole.

"Oh, it's a poor pup, and he's wedged!" David darted into the thicket.

He tried to get a firm hold on the dog's body, but it was no use. The frightened creature twisted and kicked too violently. It was crying too, in a choky, frightened way.

Suddenly David knew what to do. Throwing himself on the ground, he began tearing at the earth with his fingers.

How tight it was, and how it hurt! But after a few minutes he had it loose and was scratching back chalky soil, leaf mould, and stones as fast as he could go. The puppy gave a violent wriggle and was free, backing into David and sending him sprawling.

"Here he is, Mummie!" cried a voice.

David looked up. A jolly, curly-headed little girl was gathering the pup in her arms, and behind her stood a smiling lady.

"Thank you for rescuing that rascal for Sue," she said to David.

"We live in a little cottage over there," began David.

"And so do we," laughed the lady, "over there"—pointing to one showing between the bushes. And that was how David found the friend he was longing for.

TRY MY
BREW
FREE!

It's teetotal!



EVERYONE who tastes it enthusiastically agrees that there can be no other drink quite so delicious as Mason's Botanic Beer.

This healthful, non-intoxicating beverage is easily brewed at home from Mason's Extract of Herbs, and because of its undoubted wholesomeness should be in every household.

Send today for a free bottle of Mason's Extract and prove for yourself what a delightful drink Mason's Botanic Beer really is.

MASON'S EXTRACT OF HERBS

costs only 9d. per bottle—sufficient to make six gallons—from Grocers and Chemists, or fill in the coupon for a generous free sample.

Good & MASON'S BOTANIC BEER

FREE GALLON

To NEWBALL & MASON Ltd., NOTTINGHAM. Please send no sufficient Mason's Extract of Herbs and Yeast to make 1 gall. of Mason's Botanic Beer, with name of nearest retailer. I enclose 4d. for postage, etc.

Name and Address in Block Letters

Dept. C.N.

Send Postcard Only.—FREE

Wonder packet of 101 Different Stamps, including long sets of Pictorial and European Stamps, Colonials and "hard-to-get" issues, many obsolete. Sets of Bohemians, Austrians and British Colonials. Stamps depicting Queen Elizabeth and King George, large picture stamps and temporary issues. Finally, we include our new 1938 Catalogue, list of further similar 40 gifts and large new issue unused Cayman Isles Stamp. Just send postcard (no money) requesting approvals.

Lisburn & Townsend (C.N.) LIVERPOOL, 3

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Bertie Bassett's Diary

"MORNING, CHILDREN"

What about wheedling a box of Bassett's out of Mummy today!"



IN CARTONS
2", 3" and 6"
also 3" Qtr. lb. loose
Of all good Confectioners

BASSETT'S
ORIGINAL
Liquorice Allsorts